CIRCULATION LAST WEEK,

106,000.

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Our Serial Story.

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CHAPTER IV.

MAY GILCHRIST had not over-estimated her persuasive powers. A call on Mrs. Wayt, undertaken as soon as she had seen from her watch window the tall, black figure of the clergyman issue from his gate, and take his way down town, won his wife's sanction to the presence of her sister and daughter in the orchard that afternoon to watch Miss Gilchrist's brother upon a sketch he proposed to begin before the apple-blossoms fell.

"I shall be there, of course," the young diplomatist mentioned, casually. "I am studying art in an amateurish way, under my brother's direction. I dearly enjoy seeing him paint. His hand is so firm and rapid, and his eye so true! Your daughter tells me she is fond of drawing. March and I would be only too happy to render any assistance in our power to forward her studies in that line."

"My sister has spoken to me of your kindness, and his," Mrs. Wayt answered, thoughtfully. "She told me, also, that she had referred the question of accepting Mr. Gilchrist's generous proposition to me. Hesitation seems ungracious, but my poor child is very excitable, and in nerve so unfit to work long at any thing, that I have doubted the expediency of allowing her to become interested in her favorite pursuit to the extent necessary for the acquisition of any degree of skill."

Nevertheless, May went home victorious, and Mrs. Wayt, disquiet in eye and soul, sought her sister and climbed the steps of the siege and the surrender.

Refusal was impossible without risking the displeasure of influential parishioners, or exciting suspicions that might be more hurtful," she concluded.

Hetty was cleaning silver in the dining-room. Over her buff gingham she wore a voluminous bib-apron; house-wifely solicitude informed her whole personality. Her hair was turned back from her temples, and the roughened roll showed rust-red lights in a bar of sunshine crossed by her head as she moved. The lines of her face had what Hester called "their forenoon *sag*," downward inclination that signified as much care as she could bear. She rubbed a tablespoon until she could see each loosened hair and drooping line in it, before unclosing her thinned lips to reply. Even then, her speech was reluctant.

"The child is yours, Frances—not mine—dearly as I love her. I understand as well as you, how cruel it seems to deny her what is, in itself, a harmless pleasure. Still we have agreed up to this time that it was inexpedient to give people the run of the house, and this looks like a straight road to that."

She did not glance up in speaking, or afterwards. Her accent was unimpassioned, her thoughts apparently engrossed in the business of bringing polish out of tarnish.

"There are circumstances that may alter cases—and promises," returned Mrs. Wayt, deprecatingly. "I can not but feel that we may begin to argue and determine from a different standpoint. I wish you could be a little more sanguine, dear."

"You don't wish it more than I do, sister! I wasn't built upon the 'Hope on, Hope ever' plan. My utmost effort in that direction is to make the best of what can not be bettered. And since you have said 'Yes' to this painting scheme we will think only of what a boom it will be to Hester. The new cook is a more imminent difficulty. This house is large, and the salary excellent, I admit, but it would have been wise to wait until our arrival before engaging her."

She knew that her sister was as much surprised as herself at Mr. Wayt's commission to Mrs. Gilchrist, also, that the wife would not plead this ignorance in self-defence.

"Homer, you and I could have divided the housework, as we did in other places," continued Hetty, attacking a row of forks, now that the spoons were done with, "and we could hire a woman by the day to wash and iron. The cook may justify Mrs. Gilchrist's recommendation. I dare say she will. Only—but I'll not utter another croak to-day. You are an angelic optimist, and I am given over to pessimism of the opposite type. We will accept Mary Ame, and the rest of the goods the Fairhill gods provide, including the open-air studio, eat, drink, and be merry, and make up our minds to-morrow we won't die! I'd seal the covenant with a kiss if I were quite certain that I am not silicon-ed up to the eyes."

Mrs. Wayt bore a pained and heavy heart to the nursery and her mending-basket. She loved Hetty fondly, and with what abundant reason no one knew so well as the heroic wife of a selfishly-eccentric man. She trusted her sister's sterling sense, and, in most instances, was willing to abide by her judgment; but there were radical differences in their views upon certain subjects. The very pains Hetty took to avert open discussion of what lay like a carking blight upon the spirits of both, caused friction and rawness, and the feigned levity with which she closed the door upon the topic would have been insult from any one else. She had no alternative but to submit; no help but in the Refuge of all pure souls, tempted almost out of measure by the sins and perversities of those dearest to them. Upon the knees of her heart she besought wisdom and comfort, and—sweet satire upon the pious duty of self-examination!—forgiveness for her intolerance of others' foibles!

Baby Annie was building block houses upon the floor and filling them with dandelions. Homer had brought a small basketful up to her just before Mrs. Wayt was summoned to her visitor, and had helped the child erect a castle while the mother was below. Upon her entrance he shuffled out as sheepishly as if she had detected him rifling the pockets of her husband's Sunday clothes. They lay over a chair by her sable-work. While she prayed, her fingers plied the needle upon a ripped lining and two loose buttons.

"Hee, mamma," entreated the little one. "Ho many dandeyions! Annie make house for dee papa!" The mother stooped to kiss her; a tear splashed upon the mass of wilting golden disks packed into papa's treasure chamber. At the same age Hester had prattled of "dee papa," and was his faithful shadow wherever he would allow her to follow. He had been too busy of late years and too distraught by various anxieties to take much notice of the younger children, but he had made a pet of little Hester. He used to call her "Lassie with glory crowned," as he twined and burnished her sunny curls around his fingers. Annie was a loving little darling, but neither so sprightly nor so beautiful as her first-born at the same age. She worshiped her father, and he was beginning to recognize and be pleased by her preference.

"Poor Percy!"

"Papa hick?" asked the child, startled by the ejaculation.

"No, my darling. Papa is very well. Mamma is only sorry! sorry! sorry!"

"Horry! horry! horry! Mamma horry! horry! horry!" While she crammed the yellow flowers into the castle, the baby made the words into a song, catching intonation and emphasis as they had escaped her mother's lips.

Dandelions dying were as fair to her as dandelions golden-crisp in the meadow-grass. A drop of blood red from the heart would mean no more than a coral bead.

At 3 o'clock, Hester's chair was drawn by Homer into the orchard. The painter, his sister, his dog and his easel were already in place. March had sketched in the arbor, and indicated the figures sufficiently to reveal the purpose of the picture.

Blossom-time is short, but, fortunately, the weather that week was phenomenally equable for May. In eight days the painting was finished. The reader may have noticed it at the Academy exhibition the next winter, when it was catalogued as "The Defense." Hetty's portrait and pose were admirably rendered, and the bound of the big St. Bernard was fiercely spirited. But the wonder of the group was the occupant of the low wicker carriage.

"My baby-daughter!" faltered Mrs. Wayt, on first seeing it, and no more words would come.

To herself and to March, later and confidentially, Hetty spoke of it as "Hester glorified." At times she was almost afraid to look at it. It was the face of an infant, but an infant whose soul had outleaped the limitations of years. The filmy gold of her hair lay, cloud-like, about her, her perfectly-molded hands were clasped in the fearless delight of ignorance, as she leaned forward to welcome the enemy her custodian was ready to beat off. It was Hester in every lineament.

Even the baby knew it. But it was Hester as her brothers and sisters would never see her unless among the fadeless blossoms of the world where crooked things will be made straight.

March Gilchrist was not poetical except with his brush. It was his tongue, his song, his story. Through it, Hetty

HE LINGERED OVER HER PORTRAIT.

Alling first learned to know him, yet they were never strangers after that earliest meeting in the orchard. She was a capital sitter, and he lingered over her portrait as he dared not over Hester's for fear of wearying her. While Hetty posed, and he painted, May and Hester became warm friends. Miss Gilchrist had her own sketch-book, and March improvised an easel for it which was attached to the wheeled chair, in desk-fashion. Under May's tutelage, Hester made a study of apple-blossoms, and another of plumy grasses which the over-looker praised with honest warmth, and promised to keep forever as souvenirs of the "pink-and-white week." The robins were so used to the sight of the social group that they exchanged tender confidences freely, overhead, as to summer plans and prospective birdlings. Thor's massive bulk flattened, daily, the same area of sunny turf, and he may have had canine views as to the folly of working when the sun was warm and the sod softest. The orchard, where every tree was a mighty bouquet, was an impervious screen between the party and the streets and such windows as commanded the slope.

"It is paradise, with rows upon rows of shining, fluffy angels to keep out the rest of the world" said Hester, on the afternoon of the last sitting. "I'm glad it is we who are inside! And not another soul!"

March was dabbling his brushes in a wide-mouthed bottle of turpentine, preparatory to putting them up.

"Nothing exclusive about her—is there?" he laughed to Hetty, in mock admiration.

She answered in the same vein:

"She was always an incorrigible aristocrat!"

"Say a beggarly aristocrat, and free your mind!" retorted Hester, good-humoredly. "I don't care who knows it. Who doesn't prefer a select coterie to a promiscuous 'crush?' I'd like to dig out this orchard just as I would a square of turf, and set it down in the middle of the South seas (wherever they may be) where the trees wouldn't shed their blossoms the whole year around, and we four—with the robins and Thor thrown in, ornamentally—might paint and talk and live forever and a day. I used to wonder what answer I would make to the fairy who offered three wishes—but I am quite ready for her now. I'd fuse them all into one!"

"Are you sure? Going! Going! the last call! *Gone!*" cried March, bringing down his biggest brush *a la* auctioneer's hammer upon Thor's head.

"Gone it is!" responded Hester, folding her tiny hands upon her heart, and closing her eyes in an ecstacy to satisfaction. "Let nobody speak for five minutes. (Look at your watch, Mr. Gilchrist!) For five minutes we will make believe that the deed is done, and we are translated. I hear the surf on the shores of the dear little isle of our own."

"Where the winds never sigh, and the skies never weep! Hush!"

They humored this one of her caprices, as they had others. She was full of fancies, some odd, some ghastly, some graceful. Even practical May yielded obedience to the mandate, and, laying her head against the bole of the tree, met the bright eye of the mother-robin peering over the edge of her nest with what May chose to interpret as a wink of intelligent amusement,

"She asked me as plainly as dumb show could ask, 'who would provide three meals a day for the happy exclusives,' and, when I alluded to bread-fruit trees and beefsteak geraniums, wanted to know 'where ovens and grid-irons would come from,'" said May, afterward; "That formed the basis of my five minute reverie."

My soul, to-day,
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote."

So runs the poem, between the lines of which might be written the exultant, "Absent from the body!" Hester's soul had the poet's power of "drifting" into absolute idealization. She was used to building with dream-stuff. In the time she had allotted, she lived out a life-time, to tell of which would require hours and many pages. That she paid for the wide sweep into the remote and the never-to-be, by reaction bitterer than death, never dissuaded her from other voyages of the "winged boat."

For perhaps sixty seconds Hetty, sitting upon the turf by the recumbent Thor, and idly pulling his shaggy hair, reflected, regretfully, upon this certain reflex action; then, as if uttered in her ear, recurred the words: "Where we four might paint, and talk and live forever!"

"We four!" Involuntarily, her eye sped from one to another of the group; from May's placid visage and smile upraised to the robin's nest, to the face framed about by pale-blue cushions—colorless as wax, the pan-lines effaced by the sweet exaltation oftenest seen upon the forehead and mouth of a dead child—consciousness, rising into majesty, of having compassed all that is given to the human creature to know, the full possession of a happy secret to be shared with none who still bear the weight of mortality. Hetty's heart slackened its beat while she gazed upon the motionless features. Her "child" was, for the time, rapt beyond her reach. Yet it was only "make-believe" after all, that snared her into temporary bliss!

Before the pang of the thought got firm hold of her, she met March Gilchrist's eyes, full, and fixed upon hers.

He lay along the grass, supporting himself on his left elbow, his cheek upon his hand, the other hand, still holding the big brush, had fallen across Thor's back. His eyes were startled, as by an unexpected revelation, and as her glance touched them, sudden, glad light leaped from depth to surface. He would not release her regard—not even when the glow that succeeded the numbness of the thrill stole from limb to limb, and suffused her face, and all the forceful maiden nature battled with the magnetic compulsion. The sough of the spring breeze in the flower-laden branches, likened by Hester to the whispering surf upon the island sands; the humming bees and twittering birds; the sun-warmed scent of apple-blooms and white clover and the sweetbrier growing just without the canopy of living apple-tree; the faint flush of light strained through locked masses of blossoms,—were, for those supreme moments all the world—except that this man—God's most glorious creation—spoke to her, although his lips were moveless, and that the stir of a new and divine life within her heart replied.

"I am sure the time must be up!" said May, yawningly. "Poor Hester is fast asleep, and my tongue aches with holding it so long."

Hester unclosed her eyes slowly, smiled dreamily, and essayed no denial. March was on his knees, collecting brushes and tubes into his color-box. Hetty was folding a rug so much too heavy for her wrists that May sprang to seize the other end.

"Why—are you chilly? Your fingers are like ice!" she exclaimed, as their hands met. "And how you shiver! I am afraid we have been selfish in keeping you out-of-doors so long!"

The ague shook the mirth out of the nervous laugh with which Hetty answered.

"Now that the strain of the week's suspense and sittings is over, and the result of our joint labors is a pronounced success, I am a little tired. The spring is a trifle crude as yet, too," she subjoined, speaking more glibly than usual. "By the time the sun reaches the tops of the trees, we begin to feel the dew-fall. Hester, we must go in!"

March took the handle of the wheeled chair from her. "That is too heavy for you on the thick grass. May, will you abide by the stuff until I come back?"

On every other afternoon, Homer had come down at five o'clock to roll the carriage up the basement. Hester lay among the pillows, her eyes again shut, and the reflection of the happy secret upon her face. Hetty walked mutely beside her. March liked the fine reserve that kept her silent and forbade her to risk another encounter of glances. She was all-womanly; refined, in every instinct. Crushing the young grasses with foot and wheel, and bowing under the stooping branches, they made their way to the gate in the parsonage-fence. Homer shambled hurriedly down the walk to meet them.

"Now—" he stammered, laying hold of the propeller of the chair—"I'd bin yere sooner, but I hed to go down town on an arrant—"

"That's all right!" said March, good-naturedly. "I was happy to bring Miss Wayt up the hill. Good-bye, Queen Mab! May I have the honor of taking you to my home-studio to see the picture when it is varnished and framed?"

She replied by a gentle inclination of the head, and the same joyous ghost of a smile. She was like one lost in a dream, so deep and delicious that he will not move or speak for fear of awakening.

March raised his hat and stood aside to let the carriage pass. As Hetty would have followed, his offered hand barred the way.

"One moment, please!" he said, in grave simplicity. "I have to thank you for some very happy hours. May I, also, thank you for the hope of many more? I should be sorry if our acquaintanceship were to fall to the level of social conventionality. We have always been intimate with our pastor's family; and mean, unless forbidden, to remain true to time-honored precedent."

If he had alarmed her just now, he would prove that he was no love-smitten boy, but a purposeful man who understood himself and was obedient to law and order. Hetty gathered herself together to emulate his tranquility.

"I especially want to thank you, out of her hearing, for the great kindness you and your sister have showed to my dear little invalid. She will never forget it, nor shall I. It has been the happiest week of her life. I think, but for your offer to lend her books, and Miss Gilchrist's promise to keep on with her painting lessons, that the end of our sittings would be a serious affliction to her. Please say this from me to Miss Gilchrist, also; good evening!"

He ran lightly back to May and "the stuff." He had not obtained permission to call, but neither was it refused. He liked dignity in a woman. As he phrased it, "it furred the peach and dusted the plum." He was entirely willing to do all the wooing.

May innocently applied the last touch to his unruffled spirit in their family confabulation in the library that evening.

"That Hetty Alling is one of the most delightful girls I ever met!" she asseverated, emphatically.

"In what respect?" inquired her judicial parent.

"She has individuality—and of the best sort. She is intelligent, frank, spirited, and with these sterling qualities, as gentle as a saint with poor little Hester who must be a great care to one so young as Hetty. I mean to do all I can to brighten the monotonous existence the two girls must lead. From all I can gather without asking impertinent questions, they are thrown almost entirely upon one another for entertainment and happiness. It is an oddly assorted household, taken as a whole."

"Talking of originality"—observed March, after a meditative puff or two—"you have it in the niece. It is fearfully sad that such a mind should be crowded into the body of a dwarf. She dotes upon books. If you will look up a dozen or so that you think she—or Miss Alling—would enjoy, I will take them over to-morrow."

His mother's attitude changed slightly, although her face was unaltered. She seemed to hold her breath to listen, her whole inner being to quicken into intensity of interest. March, stretched luxuriously upon the rug, in his usual post-prandial attitude, felt her sigh.

"Do I tire you, mother, dear?" he asked.

"Never, my boy!"

Nor ever would, although, within the hour, and with a throe that tested her reserves of fortitude, she had surrendered the first place in his heart. The blow was unexpected. The orchard paintings and her children's interest in them had seemed entirely professional to her. March had sketched dozens of girls, and fallen in love with none of them. With all his warmth of heart, and ready sensibilities, he was not susceptible to feminine charms. Perhaps with a fatuity common to mothers, she reasoned that, with such a home as his, he was not likely to be tempted by visions of domestic bliss under a vine and fig-tree yet to be planted. It is a grievous problem to the maternal intellect why men who have the best mothers and sisters living and eager to spoil them with much serving, should be the earliest to marry out of certainty into hazardous uncertainty.

When the judge had gone to a political meeting, and May to entertain visitors in the drawing-room, Mrs. Gilchrist divined the purport of the impending communication. Her fair hand grew clammy in toying with the short chestnut curls; in the silence through which she could hear the tinkle of the fountain on the lawn, she wet her dry lips that they might not be unready with loving rejoinder to what her idol was preparing to say. She knew March too well to expect conventional preamble. He was always direct and genuine. She did not start when he spoke at length.

"Mamma, darling."

"Yes, my son."

"It has come to me at last, and in earnest."

"I surmised as much." It was plain to see where he got his dislike of circuitous methods. "Is it Mrs. Wayt's sister?"

"It is Hetty Alling. She is a true, noble woman. I shall try to win her love. Should I succeed, you will love her for my sake, will you not?"

"You know that I will. But this is sudden. You have known her less than a fortnight. And, dear, it is out of the fullness of my love that I speak—I am afraid that the family is a peculiar one. Be prudent, my son. You are young, and life is long. I can not bear that you should make a mistake here. Should this young girl be all that you think—even all that I hope to find in her—it is best not to force her decision. Give her time to study you. Take time and make opportunities to study *her*. I ask it because you bear the names of two honorable men—your father and mine—and because it would break your mother's heart to see her only boy unhappy."

He drew her hand to his lips—the high-bred hand that would always be beautiful—and held it there for a moment. She had his pledge.

Hetty had followed Hester into the house. It was half-past five, and there were strawberries to be capped for the half-past six dinner. A parishoner had left a generous supply of Southern berries at the door while the girls were out, and taken Mrs. Wayt and her little daughters to drive. Aunt and niece sat down at a table drawn before the dining-room window and fell to work. Hester's high chair brought her tiny, dextrous fingers to a level with Hetty's. The task went forward with silent rapidity, and neither denoted the direction of her companion's eyes. Hetty seemed to her dazed self to bear about with her the charmed atmosphere of the nook under the king apple-tree.

The mingled hum of bees and sighing wind and bird-note sounded in her ears like the confused song of the sea-shell. Now and then, a ray from hazel eyes flashed athwart her sight. Brain and heart were in a tumult that terrified her into questioning her identity. The "winged boat" of fancy was a novel craft to our woman of affairs. As novel was the self-absorption that made her unobservant of Hetty's brilliant eyes and musing smile. As the dainty fingers, just reddened on the tips by the fruit, picked off and cast aside the green "caps," Hester's regards were fixed upon the Anak of the orchard, and Hetty's strayed continually to the same point. Both looked over and beyond a figure creeping on all-fours down the central alley of the broad, shallow garden, occasionally crouching low, as if to crop the grass of the borders.

Perry, studying his Latin grammar in his mother's chamber above, awoke the taciturn dreamers by a shout:

"Hello, Tony! what *are* you doing there?"

He turned his head, not his body, to reply:

"Now—jes' lookin' fur somethin' I dropped."

"You'll drop yourself some day if you don't watch out," Hester's unmusical cackle broke forth.

"Does he look more like a praying mantis—or Nebuchadnezzar?" she said to her co-worker. "He reminds me of a funny thing I heard a man say when I was a child of a picture in my catechism of Nebuchadnezzar feeding in the pasture with a herd of cows. He said it was 'a fine study of comparative anatomy.' The advantage would be on the side of the cows if they were to take the field." Hetty could not but laugh with her in looking at the grotesque object.

"A short sight is a real affliction—poor fellow! It is to be hoped that he has 'dropped' nothing valuable. I will take the bowl and 'caps' into the kitchen when I have laid you down upon the lounge. Your poor back must ache by this time."

She lingered a few minutes in the kitchen to make sure that every thing was in train for dinner. Her practical knowledge of all departments of housewifery had already gained for her Mary Ann's profound respect. The cook re-

"I FORBID YOU TO THINK!"

commended by Mrs. Gilchrist was a tidy body, a capital worker and, as she vaunted herself, "one as took an intrust in any family she lived in."

"I see that more innocent feller if there was any parsley in the gairdin," she chuckled to Hetty. "An' he said he'd fetch me a bunch to gairnish me dishes. But I've niver laid eyes onto him since. I mistrust he don't know one yarb from another. Is he 'all there,' d'ye think, mem?"

"He is not quick, but he is not an idiot, by any means," returned his patroness. "He is a faithful, honest fellow, always thankful for a kind word, very industrious and perfectly truthful. We think a great deal of Homer. I saw him in the garden just now, looking for the parsley. I will find him and send him in with it. Don't sugar the berries; we do that on the table. Keep them in a cool place until they are wanted for dessert."

She strolled down the garden walk, singing low to herself, the catching tune to which she had set the words the Gilchrist had overheard the Sunday night of their first call:

"O! Life and Love! O! happy throng!
Of thoughts whose only speech is song.
O! heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

Homer had vanished from the main alley that led directly to the orchard, yet she walked on down the whole length of it. Blazing tulips had supplanted faded hyacinths; the faint green globes of snow-ball bushes were bleaching hourly in May sunshine and breeze; the lilac hedge, lining the post-and-board fence at the bottom of the parsonage lot was set thick with purple and mauve and white spikes.

"Such a dear, old-fashioned garden!" Hetty said, half aloud. "It reminds me of the one we had at home!" Leaning upon the orchard gate she abandoned herself to reverie. The robin's whistle in the apple tree was low and tender; fleecy clouds, drifting toward the west, began to blush on the sunward side; the blending odors of a thousand flowers hung in the air. The word "home" took thought back—thoughts of the only one she had ever had, and the mother whose death lost it to her. Since then she had stood alone, and helped weaker people to stand. A great longing for rest in a love she could claim as all hers drove tears to her eyes. The longing was not new, but the hope that softened it was. Hitherto, it had been linked with her mother's image only. She wanted her now as much, and more, than ever before, but that she might sympathize with what she began to comprehend tremblingly. Her mother would enter into her trembling and her joy; especially if she had seen what Hetty never could describe—a look the memory of which renewed the shy, delicious shame expressed in the blush March had pitied, while rejoicing in the sight of it.

Such a boundless, beautiful world opened to her while she stood there, looking down the blossoming vistas of the orchard—solitary, yet comforted! She would give rein to imagination for that little while. It could harm no one, even if it were all a chimera that would not outlast blossom-time. And must it be *that?* What had glorified other desolate women's lives might bless hers. Spring comes to every year, however long and cruel may have been the winter. Recalling March's prophecy of future association, she dared dwell upon visions of his visits, of the pleasant familiar talks that would make them better acquainted; of the books they would read and discuss; of the pictures he would paint, with her looking on.

"I am not beautiful or accomplished," she said, humbly. "But I would make myself more worthy of him. I am young and apt. I would make no mistakes that could mortify him. He should never be ashamed of me—and, oh!" she stretched her arms involuntarily, as if to draw the unseen nearer to her heart—"how faithfully I would serve him, forever and forever."

The flight of fancy had indeed been fast and far!

The tinkle of the dinner-bell in Mary Ann's vigorous hand ended the fond foolishness abruptly. It was the careful housewife who asked herself, with a guilty start: "What has become of Homer and the parsley?"

Her first step in returning was upon something hard. She picked it up.

* * * * * * *

Homer met his young mistress at the back door. His weak, furtive eyes were uneasy before she accosted him. At her incisive tone the red rims closed entirely over them, his hands, grimy with groping in gravel and turf, fumbled with one another and his loose jaw dangled.

"Homer, you said this afternoon that you had been out to do an errand. Do not leave the place again without letting me know where you are going, and for what."

"Now," he began, wretchedly, "you wasn't at home, 'n, I thought—"

"I forbid you to think! I will do the thinking for this family. You knew where to find me. If you had not, you ought to have waited until I got back. I mean what I say?"

He shifted miserably from one foot to the other, and, as she passed him, cleared his dry throat.

"Now, 'spose Mrs. Wayt was to send me out in a hurry?"

"Tell her that you have my orders."

"Now—"

She looked over her shoulder at him, impatient and contemptuous. He had never seen her so angry with him before. He plucked at the battered brim of an old military cap clutched in one hand. He had found it in the garret, and believed that it became him rarely.

"I was 'bout to say as I hed los' what I hed—"

"I found it. Not another word! There is no excuse for you!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

He—Keep quiet a minute, and I'll catch that obnoxious fly.

She—Oh, don't try to, please. I saw you playing ball yesterday.—[New York Sun.

Poet—You say that my poem on swimming lacks something. What does it need to make it go?

Editor—Web feet.—[New York Journal.

"What are your politics?"

"Haven't any."

"What are you—a Mugwump?"

"Great Cæsar, no! I'm an alien."—[New York Sun.

"Tis sweet to hear a bright-eyed son
Sound forth a parent's praise,
For instance, when he comments on
His mother's switching ways.
—[Washington Post.

"It is very wet weather we are having, your majesty," remarked Lord Salisbury.

"Not too wet, me lud," replied the queen. "In fact I don't think hit possible to 'ave too much reign in this country."—[West Shore.

Johnson—When are you going to paint that fence for me, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Well, sah, I reckon I'll do it Saturday, if de Lawd's willin'; or if not, I'll do it Monday, any way, suah.—[West Shore.

Dobbs—There's a man who shaves several times a day.

Wiggins—You don't mean it? Should think there'd be nothing left of his face.

Dobbs—It doesn't hurt his face at all. He is a barber.—[Figaro.

Peddler—Brooms! brooms!

Housewife—I'll take one. Not that one. I want one with a good, strong handle.

Husband (going out)—On second thoughts, Mary, I think I'll be home very early this evening.—[Boston Courier.

Blathers (to Slathers, who prepared to bow and was ignored)—I say, Slathers, isn't Miss Blood like that yacht out there?

Slathers—How so?

Blathers—Oh, well, if you don't see it! But it strikes me she's something of a cutter.—[West Shore.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DONT'S.

Some Valuable Hints of a Practical Nature.

Don't use a feather duster on your furniture, for you only disturb the dust, you don't remove it. Use the nap side of canton flannel.

Don't be afraid that a well made brass beadstead will tarnish or otherwise wear poorly; that's a long exploded prejudice. Lacquer preserves brass from damp, and the beds are practically bug proof, solid, dainty, and neat. In England they have been the correct thing for ten years. The Swell Monople Hotel, London, hasn't a wooden bedstead in it.

Don't think because you put your woolens away in a tight box that they are moth proof. Would cheese be molested if you put it away with a caged mouse? No. So if your garments are locked up in a close case with moth eggs, the grub or worm will hatch, and when you look at your things next fall they'll be riddled. These eggs are the size of a pin-point, white, and take six days to hatch. Put your garments away where no moths can lay eggs on them, and then every day or so watch for the worm. Two or three weeks' watchfulness will discover it, if it exists—for in that time it reaches its full size, a quarter of an inch long, and can be easily seen.

Don't go out and buy a bottle of furniture polish and think you know it all. Some furniture needs varnish; some needs oil, some polish, some water. Have a cabinet-maker come in and look over your house and use on the various articles just what he tells you; lots of trouble and ruin is thus saved.

Don't buy blue in your carpets, if for nursery or bedroom; blues are almost all fugitives.

A MEASURE OF POETRY.

"In what proportion would you pay
A poet for his time,
If he should pass a night and day
Upon a single rhyme?"

Thus the poet. Crisp and cool
The editor replied:
"In verse proportion is my rule."
The poet gasped and died.
—[Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Matrimonial Entanglement.

Here's a pretty state of things in South Dakota. The state law regulating marriage does not go into effect until June 8, and there is some doubt as to whether the territorial law is still operative. So the ministers and justices of the peace decline to perform any marriage ceremonies, and weddings must be deferred or else all nuptial trips must be taken to some other state.—[Denver Times.

Dux Femina.

Ethel Reddy: "Mamma won't you please ask Dr. Doce to look at my little sick ducklings?" Mrs. Reddy: "No, no; run away! Dr. Doce isn't a bird doctor." Ethel Reddy: "Well, papa said last night he was a quack doctor."—[Puck.

HAUNTED BY HIS HIGH HAT

A STRUGGLE TO RID HIMSELF OF IT.

To Lose it Was Impossible—It Could Not be Sold, and Policemen Wouldn't Allow it Thrown Away.

There lay that same old tall hat again! How many times had I told my wife to shoot it, kill it, donate it, hang it, bury it—anything to rid me of its fearful presence.

And to think that its ugly, misshapen carcass should confront me in my chamber when I supposed it roaming o'er the Western plains on the brow of some noble red man.

"Accursed plug!" I cried. "Begone! Let the birds of the air, the mice of the cellar or the neighbors' cats build their nests in you! Begone!"

And I hurled that ancient tile through the open window.

Now I could eat my dinner in peace and quiet. I sat down like one who feels that duty well done entitles him to an appetite and the means to satisfy it.

"This soup is excellent," said I, casting a loving glance at my wife, who, I knew, had superintended its preparation.

"I'm so glad, dear!" she exclaimed, with a fervor that imparted a juicy aroma to every thing on the table and whetted my appetite to renewed efforts.

"Well, my darling, I've got rid of that confounded tall hat you couldn't seem to exterminate," I said, with a triumphant air.

"I'm so glad," replied my wife in a tone tainted with unmistakable envy. "Oh, there's the bell!"

"Pleeceman, sir, to see you," said Virginia, opening the dining room door.

"Tell him to wait," said my wife, assuming a dictatorial air over me.

"No, indeed," I exclaimed. "I'll go at once. May be a case of life and death. May be second-story burglars are around."

And I went down to see that policeman.

"My dear one," cried my wife when I returned, "what in the world is the matter? You are pale. Is there any trouble? Are we going to be arrested?"

"Worse than that," I sobbed, falling upon a couch. "The policeman brought back that blarsted tall hat."

"What did you tell him, dear one?"

"Tell him! I told him, club it and pull it in—arrest it, send it down for life—anything to keep it from haunting my home and upsetting my meals."

"But if you had only sold it to the rag man," I added, "we'd have been saved all this fuss."

"The rag man wouldn't take it," retorted my wife, spitefully. "He said there were moths in it."

"Moths? Moths? You must be crazy!" I said calmly. "Why, that hat was almost new! Many men would be glad to get it. I could have it made over for a couple of dollars good as new."

"So I thought, dear," my wife said, sneeringly, for she begrudged to see me keeping up with the style, "and I told Virginia to be careful of it."

"You did, did you? Now the secret's out. You're the one that's been putting up the job on me to wear a hat that has outlived its usefulness. You hate to see your husband well dressed. You'd put every cent of my salary

on your own back if I'd let you. Ungrateful woman," I said, calmly.

"But mark me, if that tall hat," I added, mildly, "ever shows up again, you and I shall not live under the same roof."

And, slamming the door behind me, I entered the sitting room and was soon reading my *Globe*.

"Come in!" I shouted, hearing a sharp rap on the door.

The door opened and—shades of Captain Jack!—there stood Charley, my six-year-old, with that same old tall hat on his head.

"Here's yer hat, papa; I found it in the ash barrel," was all that little Charley said.

The *Globe* fell from my hands, fire flashed from my eyes—I was in supreme torture. As my wife put in an appearance I cried:

"You treacherous, malicious woman, you have put the child up to this! But I shall not be downed. Victory will light on my banners yet."

And I yanked that old tall hat from the boy's head, placed it on the floor and jumped on it until it was as flat as a lamp mat.

That was the end of that tall hat as a hat, but in other shapes it continued to haunt me for several days. At length, to keep peace in the family, I have permitted my wife to hand-paint the remains and work them over into a slipper case for Charley.—[Boston Globe.

A Companion in Poverty.

A waif of a boy was eating a stale half loaf on the street corner yesterday with the air of a starveling, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do you want this wuss nor I do!" asked the waif. "Speak, can't ye?"

The dog gave a quick bark and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff sed," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously. "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.—[Detroit Free Press.

PAID HIS FRIEND'S FARE.

He Said He Was the Red Headed Man and Caused Much Trouble.

Four men stood on the rear platform of a Cottage Grove avenue car. Several stood on the front platform. The car within was crowded.

One of the men on the rear platform handed the conductor ten cents and said:

"I pay for two—my friend, who is forward, and myself."

"Which is your friend?" asked the conductor.

"The red headed man."

Very soon afterward the conductor was working his way forward through the crowded car. He jostled against the forms that were swinging, like so many flying trapeze artists from the straps. The long-legged man, who was sitting, doubled himself closer to avoid contact with the conductor.

A man on the strap offered his fare. The conductor looked at him and said:

"Your friend on the rear platform paid your fare."

"I have no friend on the rear platform," growled the man who had offered his nickel.

"The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for a red-headed man, and your head is red," said the conductor, who didn't mean any discourtesy.

"Blame your impertinence," roared the man, "didn't I tell you I had no friend? Here, take this fare if you want it, and look around you and see if there isn't some one else on your infernal sardine box who has red hair."

Now it so happened that the long-legged man, who had eyed the coming of the conductor with apprehension, had a growth of fiery red hair. The conductor spied Elongatus and made for him.

"I paid my own fare when I got on at Sixteenth street," he said.

"So you did, sir," answer the conductor right politely.

"Then why in Sam Hill do you come for it again?"

"The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for his red headed friend, and I noticed that your hair is red and—"

"No remarks from you, sir, about my hair! You are a puppy. Go 'long and attend to your business."

It was evident that the conductor was getting into water up to his chin—metaphorically.

A man with a mackintosh about his form and a rimless derby on one side of his head touched the hem of the round-about of the conductor, and as the conductor stooped to hear what the mackintosh had to say, the mackintosh whispered:

"There's a red headed chap in the corner talking to his girl. I guess he's the chap you are looking for."

The conductor said: "Thanks"—there are so many people who pretend to know what is the proper thing who say thanks. The conductor swung several forms around in making his way to the corner where a little man was talking to a tall woman about "so much wet weather."

The conductor touched the little man's sleeve and said: "Fare, please."

The little man swelled up and said: "You fellahs don't know yo' business. Why don't you buy an amatuah photographic outfit and take the pictuahs of yo' passengers who pay thay fahhs? Now go on."

"Haven't you a friend on the rear platform?" asked the conductor.

"None of your business if I have."

"I beg your pardon," replied the conductor. "A gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for a red headed friend."

"Then why did you ask me for fare again?" screeched the little man.

"I was only trying to find out," said the conductor.

"I refuse to answah," put in the little man, who then turned to the lady and said that he sometimes thought that he would never ride in another street car. "Besides," said he, with a blush, "my hair is red."

The conductor went back to the rear platform and handed a nickel to the man who had given him 20 cents.

"What's that for?" asked the man.

"That's all right," said the conductor with an air of injured innocence.

"But I don't understand it," said the man.

"You may think it is the 1st of April," said the conductor, "but it isn't. I'm in an extra nickel; but that's all right."

"I certainly don't understand you," said the passenger. "I gave you 10 cents for two passengers—my friend and myself. I told you my friend was forward."

"Yes, I know you did," said the conductor. "You said he had a red head, too, didn't you?"

"Yes; I said that so you would know him."

"Yes," growled the conductor; "I reckon you think you're the only man in Chicago who has a red headed friend, don't you?"

The passenger looked confused. The other men on the platform looked amused.

"I said that my friend had red hair," remarked the man who had paid two fares. And he said it with all the gravity of a judge.

"I know you did," shouted the conductor.

"Well," said the man, at last growing heated, "what about it? What are you going to do about it?"

"Do nothing."

"Then shut up."

There was a lull. Even the car stopped. The man on the rear platform—he who had paid two fares—got off. Another man got off the grip. This last man had red hair. It dawned upon the conductor that he had not gone as far forward as the grip. And as he jerked the bell strap he said, so

ODD FORMS OF RACING

INVOLVING STRENGTH AND SKILL.

Bullock Races in India—A Camel Steeplechase—The Novel Jinrickisha Races—Queer Kinds of Sport in Other Lands.

EVER since men attained a measure of strength or skill of which they could be proud they have been eager to contest with their fellows in a struggle for superiority. Whether the talent was muscular or intellectual it mattered not, for man is ambitious and eagerly desires to be first in something. It may be running or rowing, or wrestling or fighting; it may even take a form so low as a contest in eating; but the desire to excel all others, to be first in something, is so strongly implanted in the human heart that men will go to any length in order to be first. Out of this personal antagonism and rivalry has grown progress in all sorts of development. Athletic sports of all kinds have been encouraged and brought to a state of comparative perfection by the desire to excel all competitors. Muscular development, and even intellectual growth, have owed so much to the struggle for supremacy that, without the stimulus of rivalry, it is not easy to see how progress could be continued.

This rivalry has been extended even to animals. It is said by those conversant with the subject that race horses take as much pride in a victory as do their riders or owners, and whether this be true or not, it is certain that men not only claim the credit for the victory, as they have done the training, but also for the superior intelligence which has enabled them, by a course of training, to give speed and endurance to the animal. Horse-racing as a test of skill and strength, is of very ancient origin. Homer's heroes raced their horses over the plains of Troy. Horse-racing was common in Egypt in the time of the Pharaoh's, and the Romans were passionately fond of the sport and went wild over racing displays in their amphitheaters. The speed of the horse has always been a matter of interest to men, and no pains are spared to develop it, while the contests which were to determine the relative merits of two or more horses have always been attended by great excitement.

But horses are not the only animals whose speed and strength were matters of interest to the owners. In India horses are not so commonly used as in other parts of the world; they can not well bear the intense heat of that country, and the favorite animals, both for speed and for endurance, are the native bullocks. The animals are small, wiry, muscular and swift. They are trained to race and run well, not only under the saddle but in harness. The Indians are fond of racing their beasts, and the sport is encouraged by the English part of the population. The bullocks are harnessed to a small light cart. The harness is of the most primitive description, consisting of a leather strap or cord passed round the neck and shoulders of the animal and fastened to the shafts of the cart. The animal is guided by a cord through the nose, but the driver has an interest in the mule he rides except to see him first, the whipping and yelling are prodigious. Bad as the mule is, however, the donkey of Egypt is infinitely more perverse and contrary than even his long-eared brother, and the fun attending a donkey race has no end. It is said, however, that perverse as the donkey may be, he cannot "hold a candle" to the camel. The latter has a mind of his own with regard to racing and everything else, and the difficulty of riding a camel enhances the interest of the race. The camels will generally start off pretty well, but after going a short distance, and finding themselves still pressed by their riders, they will either stop short and lie down, or, being discouraged from this, will turn and bite their riders, or, if prevented, throw off the Bedouins and begin a fight among themselves, for, peaceable as they may look, they are really savage brutes, and a camel fight once witnessed is an incident long to be remembered.

A BULLOCK RIDING RACE.

A JINRICKISHA RACE.

A CAMEL RACE.

Among the most amusing races encouraged among the natives of India are the menagerie races. The menagerie race is a race for speed among animals of as many different kinds as can be collected. To make the contest still more entertaining the animals must be of diverse kinds, varieties which are naturally inimical to each other. More than this, according to the conditions of the race, natural enemies must be placed next to each other: the cat and the rat must be side by side, so also must the dog and the pig, the fox and the goose. Each beast is secured by a string, the end of which is held by the trainer of the animal. At a given signal a start is made, or rather attempted to be made, for the start is generally in all directions; the dog taking after the pig, the cat after the rat, and the fox, if not in too much trepidation, attacking the goose. Of course the scene is one of unbounded hilarity from beginning to end, and not infrequently results in a strife among the trainers.

The Bedouins of Egypt and Arabia take great pains to train their camels, and racing among them is a favorite sport. On the occupation of Egypt by the British army camel races for the natives were instituted, and as practiced there now are exciting spectacles. The camel-race is always a steeple-chase, and as camels, although rapid runners, are poor jumpers the jumps are made very short, usually over a 2-foot trench filled with water. Even so small a jump as this is a serious matter to a camel, and more than one of these unwieldy steeds come to grief, both in the hurdle-jump and at the water-jump. Another favorite sport in Egypt, likewise encouraged by the British troops, is the donkey races. Most people have witnessed the ludicrous scenes attending a slow mule race at a country fair, where no man rides his own mule, and the mule takes the prize. Of course, as no will bet their last rupee on the result of a race, taking so much interest in it that a penniless native has been known to wager his liberty and that of his family for an entire year, and sell himself into voluntary slavery as the result of losing a bet. The races are frequently attended by serious accidents, from the fact that, although the bullocks may be trained to great swiftness, it seems almost impossible to teach them to run in a straight line. They will bunch together, and thus frequently smash one or more of the vehicles.

Exciting as are the bullock races when the beasts are harnessed and driven by native drivers, they are far more so when the bullocks are ridden by European soldiers or sailors. The bullock is a good saddle animal if you understand how to ride him, but his gait and conduct are so different from that of the horse that a considerable amount of experience is necessary before he can be safely managed. In the bullock races which are got up among the English regiments in India bullocks are borrowed or hired for the occasion; the soldiers must mount them without saddle and with no pretense of bridle save the nose rope. The bullocks are started off in the race by one or more natives experienced in the use of the whip, and before 50 yards have been covered men are seen holding on by horns, hump or tail, as the case may be, while he who can remain on his beast until the distance has been covered is generally accounted to have won the race. The chief danger in a race of this description lies in the falls which are the almost inevitable result of an attempt to ride these awkward animals, and sprained wrists and ankles and contusions of other parts of the body are exceedingly common for a few days after this description of sport.

Wherever the English go they speedily introduce their sports among the native population, and get up races of all kinds for themselves and the classes most likely to participate. A favorite contest in India and Ceylon is the jinrickisha race. The jinrickisha is a small buggy, the cab of the Indian towns. It has a cover and a single seat, and is drawn by a native, who goes in front, running between a pair of shafts connected by a cross-bar, on which his hands rest. Imagine a hand-cart provided with a seat, foot-rest and buggy top, and you have the jinrickisha complete. In these races each Englishman provides himself with a lady willing to intrust her safety to his care, and the race is run with great spirit, each cavalier being encouraged to his utmost effort by his lady driver.

Akin to the jinrickisha race is the doolie race for natives. The doolie is a sort of litter borne by four natives. The traveler lies at full length on the cane bottom of the vehicle and is shaded from the sun by a cover of canvas extending the full length of the litter. A strong bar passes lengthwise, just below the roof, and wooden pieces connected with the bed hold up the frame. Two bearers precede and two follow the vehicle, and when racing, as no foreigner would be willing to intrust himself to the tender mercies of the bearers in so rough a contest, a native is always hired to ride. Entries are numerous, the strife for place eager, and in the grand rush, when probably fifty doolies come together toward the center of the course, upsets are frequent, and resulting quarrels among the natives are extremely entertaining.

—FOR A DISORDERED LIVER try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

The Fish Editor's Mistake.

"No doubt a thorough religious training has its advantages, even to a newspaper man, Mr. Nyce," said the city editor to the fish reporter, who was also the superintendent of a Sunday-school; "but when a man gets so dash-blanked finicky that he has to write it 'h—l-gramite' it is time for him to seek another field for his activity."—[Albany Express.

S.T JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY

RHEUMATISM.

Suffered for Nearly 30 Years.

187 N. Chester St., Baltimore, Md.

For nearly 30 years I suffered with rheumatism in arm and shoulder; could not lift my arm. Less than two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. W. H. HESSON.

Of Many Years' Standing.

Gaildon, Crockett Co., Tenn.

My case was rheumatism of many years' standing, contracted during the war; tried most everything without relief. St. Jacobs Oil finally cured me. FRED. RODGE.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

LUCK IS QUEER.

The Fact Illustrated Through Some Stories by a Detective.

"Philosophers may say what they please—may call it the fruition of studied effort or the result of intelligent causes—but I tell you there is such a thing as luck, and I will prove it to you by the tragedy which occurred in your city on Decoration day."

The speaker was one of the best-known detectives in the state of New Jersey, and is attached to the prosecutor's (or district attorney's) office of Essex county, N. J., at Newark. Detective John T. Rever, that being the speaker's name, was here last week on private business, and while detailing his experience told the following story:

"I allude to the killing of the negro Jackson and the capture of his companion, Thomas, as being the tragedy on Decoration day."

"What do you mean by the 'luck' attaching to it?"

"Just this: There were two men, ignorant negroes, who were in the New Jersey state prison to serve a term of 30 years each, and yet they made their escape with the greatest ease—scarcely with an effort, and with very little preparation or fore-planning that required ingenuity, except the grasping of the opportunity, while there is to-day, in the same prison, a man who for years has been trying to get out, and has made several unsuccessful attempts, bringing to his aid all the technical mechanical knowledge of which he is master, and he is one of the finest mechanics in the United States.

"Before coming to the state prison he made three almost successful attempts to get out of the Essex county prison at Caldwell, and the history of those attempts is a wonderful one. But first I want to point out that dumb luck—and I can't call it by any other name—succeeds where well-directed effort fails, as I will show.

"Now, Connors, for that is the name the professional name, of this man, is a burglar who takes rank with Jimmy Hope, Irving, and others in that class, with whom he did several jobs, in fact, and he was sent to Caldwell pending his trial for breaking into Traphagen's jewelry store in Newark. He was closely watched in the prison, but he threw the keepers off their guard by complaining of costiveness. The prison doctors offered to prescribe for him, but he said that he didn't want any powerful medicine, but some figs would do, as they were sufficiently laxative. He was and is a delicate-looking man, and his request was complied with. He used to throw the boxes, as he got them every day, up on the shelf in his cell, and no notice was taken of the action.

"At the close of one day, when the turnkey started to pull the lever which locks all the cells on the tier where Connors was confined, he found the machinery refused to work. An examination was quickly made, and the trouble was traced to Connors's cell. It was there found that he had loosened the anchor bar in his cell, although it was strongly set into the stone, and but for the timely (untimely for Connors) discovery, he would have been free of the corridors in an hour.

"What had the figs to do with it?"

"He took the boxes, broke them up, and placed the thin wood between his Bible leaves. He then bound the book strongly with stout cord, and using it as a fulcrum, gradually, with a jimmy, forced the bar. The Bible was like a rock, so hard was it. He is a thorough master of the power of leverage.

"Connors's next attempt was just as accidentally discovered. One of the keepers was talking to him through the bars one day, when, taking his hands away from the bars, which he had clasped for support, he noticed that his hands were black. An examination of the bars showed that two of them had been all but sawed through, and the spaces filled up with waxed filings, the whole being hidden by blacking from his shoes. He had intended to make his break for liberty the night of the day he was discovered.

"His third attempt in that prison was unsuccessful on account of the failure of his friends to be on time. He had worked the bars of his cell window loose, and had the necessary rope to lower him to the yard; the watchman was to be silenced by an air gun in the hands of his friends, as it was afterward found out, but his friends' plans miscarried.

"He was shortly after this, upon conviction, taken to Trenton. Pat Laverty was then head keeper, and when Connors came to the prison Laverty went to the burglar and said: 'Connors, are you going to break away while I'm keeper?' 'Liberty is sweet, Mr. Laverty,' was Connors's reply, and then Laverty knew he had to look out for him. He was stripped and searched thoroughly, every portion of his body being examined, but no implement or thing of any kind was found on him, and a new suit of clothes was given him, too. Before his cell was placed a cage of fine wire netting to prevent communication with him. This cage was about ten feet away from his cell door, and when his friends called they were not allowed to come any closer, and were watched by a special keeper; yet scarcely a month after his incarceration one of those steel bars or L-shaped bars, used for bending bars further apart, was found in his cell. The tool weighed 48 or 50 pounds. Now, the mystery is, where did he get it?

"Now, the point I want to make is this: Here was a man of wonderful mechanical genius who spent years in his work of trying to gain freedom, who brought to bear every appliance known to the machinist and every principle known to the laws of scientific mechanism, yet he fails to effect his escape, while two ignorant negroes, without one tithe of his brains, manage to escape from one of the finest prisons in the country. Don't tell me there's no such think as luck."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of *positive guarantee* that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

WITH THE FUNNY MEN.

Housekeeper—How are eggs this morning? Mr. Gruff Grosser—High. Housekeeper—When are they going to be down? Mr. Gruff Grosser—When they're hatched.—[Boston Courier.]

"How many Congressmen is the State of Tennessee entitled to?" asked Squildig. "The number is indicated by the State's name," replied McSwilligen. "How so?" "Ten I see."—[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

John Brown, debtor, to Peter Pump:

Two iron pumps	$50 00
One wooden do	25 00
Total	$25 00

How is this?—[Boston Courier.]

The man most willing to loan you money—when he has it—never has it. The goose that laid the golden egg was a goose to lay it in the first place. Flannel shirts are coming to the front and starched bosoms must take a back seat.—[New Orleans Picayune.

"I wish to read a poem to you that I just dashed off," observed a female caller as she helped herself to a chair. "Proceed!" replied the editor, resignedly. "A song I will indite——" "I'd rather indict the songster," interrupted the editor, and the reading ceased very abruptly.—[Inter-Ocean.

A Russian Doctor's Fee.

The famous Russian doctor, Sklikakowsky, has just earned what is spoken of as "The Champion Medical Fee." A millionaire residing at Odessa, a certain M. Ralli, wishing to be operated upon by the famous surgeon in question, induced him to come specially to Odessa for the purpose. The fee paid to Dr. Sklikakowsky, who was only in the city of Odessa itself for five hours, was 11,000 rubles.—[London Figaro.

—Improve the nutritive functions of the scalp by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and thus keep the hair from falling and becoming gray.

PARTNERS WITH A FAKIR.

South American Liver Invigorator at a Dollar a Bottle.

One day, after the editor of the *Weekly Banner and Home Journal* had returned to the office from a trip around the village, he announced to me that the paper would suspend with that issue. I was an apprentice at $2 per week and "found," and he was in debt to me and everybody else, and could raise no more subscriptions or advertising. We were discussing the gloomy outlook when a young man with a hawk eye and a thin nose came bustling in. That he was down on his luck could easily be told at a glance, but that he was discouraged was not so clear.

"I want two or three days' credit for a little printing," he promptly announced.

"You can't have it," growled the editor.

The young man was turning away, seeming not at all discouraged, when the editor asked:

"Who are you?"

"A fakir."

"What's that?"

"A man who travels and lives by his wits."

"Well, you've hit the wrong town. You couldn't raise a quarter here in a week's talking. I've worked like a jackass for a year to establish this paper, and she busts this week."

"My friend," said the stranger as he sat down, "let's go pards."

"How?"

"You print me some labels and dodgers and I'll do the selling and we'll whack up."

"What have you got?"

"A liver tonic."

"No good."

"Best thing in the world. How many people you got here?"

"Twelve hundred."

"Then I'll sell twelve hundred bottles of my South American Liver Invigorator at a dollar bottle."

After some further talk the editor agreed to the partnership. I went to the drug stores and found 100 bottles of a certain size. One thousand more were telegraphed for at Pittsburg to come C. O. D. We got up a label, got out 500 dodgers, and the "Invigorator" was made at the editor's house. It was a mixture of water, molasses, ginger and whisky, and cost about four cents a bottle. When all was ready the fakir went out on the street, I circulated the dodgers, and the editor gave him a page advertisement in what we thought would be the last issue. Can you guess what that chap did in seventeen days? He made, bottled and sold 2,900 bottles of that "Invigorator," working two other villages besides our own. In the making and bottling he had three or four to help, but he did all the selling alone. Children cried for it, and old chaps who had forgotten that they ever had a liver bought two bottles and then came back for a third one. I saw $1,450 counted down on the imposing stone for our editor, and he very kindly handed me my back salary and a present of $50. It was a godsend to him, for he squared up, the paper went on, and today it is one of the liveliest small dailies in the state of Ohio.—[N. Y. Sun.

RETIREMENT OF SAMOVAR.

Teas and Visiting Days Abolished for the Two-Hour Reform.

Now for a novelty, etiquetically. Society has had all the oolong, souchong and orange pekoe she intends to drink. The tea caddy, tea ball and teacups have been put behind the glass doors of the dining cabinet and the big shining samovar holds a pot of maiden hair fern and ornaments a niche in the lower hall.

Briefly, teas have had their say. But that is not all. The reception day has been abolished and instead of having her day Mme. Aufait has her hours, two, a week when she is *en toilette*, and one minute before or two two seconds after, she may receive or repulse a visitor, as the humor suits her, without giving offense.

The innovation comes from the society leaders who are in Paris and London revising their code. A big white card of college commencement size Mrs. Title Hunter and daughter's names appear. In one corner is the address and opposite, "Lundi de 4-6," which means at no other time are the ladies officially at home. Heretofore the visitors might drop in for a friendly chat at any hour of the reception day between lunch and 9 o'clock, certain of finding a welcome and a buffet spread of tea, wafers, salted almonds and æstheticism. Fresh flowers perfumed the air and the hostess and her aids wore their daintiest gowns. Now the tedium of waiting, the fatigue of long pauses, and the discomfort of sitting about in standup toilettes and light slippers has been done away with and the whole system of receiving and entertaining crowded into two hours of exactly 60 minutes each. In that time a substantial lunch of bouillon cups, claret punch, biscuits, pate de foie gras, caviare, tongue and beef sandwiches is spread, and may be consumed or rejected. In place of the æsthetic beauty who tied ribbons on the sandwiches and tea cup handles stands a big head waiter, and silver flagons fill the table ends occupied by the chocolate urn and samovar.

Even the hired musicians have been abandoned, and the "professional elocutor" stifled. People are presented, conversation encouraged, affinities grouped, and those who do not promise to be profitable either as entertainer or entertainee are quietly dropped from the list. If a woman is not pretty she must be witty, and if a man is not rich he must have brains, otherwise their society can be dispensed with. The good form and good family giving without saying, the lows of scientific mechanism, yet he fails to effect his escape, while two ignorant negroes, without one tithe of his brains, manage to escape from one of the finest prisons in the country. Don't tell me there's no such think as luck."—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

As an ounce of prevention is better, they say
Than a pound of the best sort of cure,
Let us all keep our teeth and our gums from decay,
And our mouth and our breath fresh and pure,
For a bottle of SOZODONT's all we require,
To speedily realize all we desire.

THE LADIES SPOKE FRENCH.

Unfortunately Some of Their Fellow-Travellers Did Also.

A beautiful example of the sublime faith some people have in the superiority of their attainments over those of the people by whom they are surrounded, and of the confusion which occasionally ensues when it transpires that such faith has been misplaced, was presented in a railway car recently.

A lady and gentleman, the spic-and-span newness of whose apparel and belongings and the flawlessness of whose courtesy to each other bespoke their freshly wedded state, were speeding along in the express from Boston. At one of the stations they alighted and presently returned accompanied by a young lady, who was evidently the sister of the bride. During their brief absence their places had been taken by newcomers, and it was necessary for the party to distribute itself through the car. The sisters pouted a little at being separated by the aisle, and craned their heads across to whisper to each other. They seemed to have a great deal to say. This was proven when they hit upon the happy expedient of conversing in French. From this time they sat comfortably erect and talked across in tones sufficiently loud to be easily heard above the noise of the train. Their French was not that of the salons. It had probably been acquired in the nursery from some voluble *bonne*. But it proved all-sufficient for the transmission of the most confidential tales of the young wife's brief matrimonial career. It transpired that she was on her wedding journey, and not having seen her sister since the day when she started out in the rainstorm of rice and slippers, she had much to impart, and the particulars were thrilling. They talked in the somewhat thin, fine voices which are characteristic of "Down East" maidens, and which penetrate like a child's treble. When an occasional stop was made they were too interested to pause, and did not even lower their tones, they felt so sure everybody else in the car could only understand United States. The wife had disclosed the whole history up to the present time, when the train came to a stop in the Grand Central depot. Then, in the sudden hush, a gentleman and lady who had been sitting nearby exchanged a few sentences relative to their luggage and plans, and spoke in correct and fluent French. As their accents fell upon the ears of the authors of *les confidences* the effect was marvellous, and the girls turned and fled like the Assyrian host, leaving their belongings to be collected by the young husband, who had understood nothing and seemed wholly mystified.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

COMMENCEMENT UPON US.

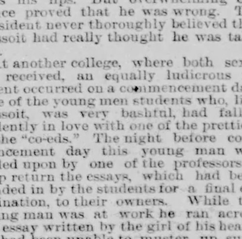
TIME OF THE RIBBON-TIED ESSAY.

One Who Once Went to College Recalls Some Funny Incidents of the Day—A Proposal of Marriage Made Publicly.

If all the commencement day essays which will be read in American schools and colleges this June were gathered into book form the result would be a series of volumes as numerous and closely printed as those comprised in the "Encyclopedia Britannica." And, however much you may scoff at the statement, there would be much in those volumes worth the reading—much original, sensible thought, many examples of splendid composition and perfect English.

Speaking of commencement day recalls an incident which occurred at one of the New York state colleges a few years ago.

Among the graduates was a young man—I think his name was Dessoit—who was one of those combinations of bashfulness and wit which are known so seldom; and the faculty had consented that instead of preparing a conventional essay he should write a semi-humorous record of the work of his class during their four years of college. Dessoit's peculiarity as Dessoit's shyness was that it only appeared when he encountered strangers. He was always the best speaker at class dinners; he "knew no fear" when talking to people with whom he had even a slight acquaintance, no matter how large the gathering, and among his many friends his witty little speeches were often heard. But let one wholly unknown face appear among his listeners and Dessoit's



"LEAVE THE PLATFORM, SIR."

tongue thickened, his cheeks flushed and his wit fled.

Of course he knew that there would be many people whom he had never seen among the commencement day spectators, and he trembled accordingly. Weeks in advance he began schooling himself for the event, but he could not overcome his bashfulness. When the great morning dawned he was terribly frightened. His agitation was really distressing, and if he had begged off, giving sickness as his excuse, his appearance would have justified the claim.

But he had made up his mind to do or die, and of the two he considered doing preferable. His name was among the first on the programme, and as he waited for the signal to go on the platform he fairly quivered with painful excitement. At last it came, and, wonder of wonders, with it came instant and absolute freedom from embarrassment. Calm, self-possessed, his agitation wholly gone, he stepped forward, inclined his head toward the faculty and then toward the audience, and began. He said afterward that he never felt more certain that his manner was easy, his smile natural, his gestures graceful, than at that moment.

When he reached one of the good points he threw back his head, and his eyes twinkled merrily as the audience showed its appreciation by deafening applause. He had gone on for perhaps five minutes, and the audience was convulsed with laughter when the president of the college stepped up and put his hand on Dessoit's shoulder. His face was black with rage as he said in tones which must have been distinctly audible in all parts of the hall: "Mr. Dessoit, leave the stage at once!"

Dessoit was dumbfounded! The president had read and approved his oration only the night before, and that he should command him to retire before he had half finished delivering it was outrageous. Boiling with anger, he did as he was told. Within two minutes he learned what had been the trouble. He had not made an audible sound while on the stage. He had stood there opening and shutting his mouth, gesticulating, putting on the most delightful of facial expressions, but uttering not one word.

The spectators had expected something funny from Dessoit, and when he began to go through his silent imitation of a speaker they were immensely pleased. The president was surprised beyond measure. He thought that Dessoit was trying to make game of the occasion.

Fully 24 hours passed before Dessoit was thoroughly convinced that he had not spoken—he said he had felt the words pass his lips. But overwhelming evidence proved that he was wrong. The president never thoroughly believed that Dessoit had really thought he was talking.

At another college, where both sexes are received, an equally ludicrous incident occurred on a commencement day. One of the young men students who, like Dessoit, was very bashful, had fallen violently in love with one of the prettiest of the "co-eds." The night before commencement day this young man was called upon by one of the professors to help return the essays, which had been handed in by the students for a final examination, to their owners. While the young man was at work he ran across the essay written by the girl of his heart. He had been unable to muster up sufficient courage to declare his love, and as on the morrow he would leave on a railroad train in one direction, while the pretty "co-ed" went in another, expedition was desirable. Between the different divisions of her essay the girl had left blank sheets of paper, the whole being bound together with ribbons at the top, of course.

When the young man saw these blank sheets a brilliant idea occurred to him. Hastily seizing a pen, he wrote on one of them a declaration of his overpowering affection, and ended by asking the "co-ed" to marry him. He naturally supposed that she would go through her essay to see what markings had been made before the exercises, and thus see his note. But he was mistaken. For some reason or other she didn't do it.

When she stepped on the stage, radiantly beautiful in white, he noticed at once that she were the roses which he had sent her in her corsage. He took this for an affirmative reply to his note, and was mad with joy. Her essay was an argument in favor of the independence of women, and in it she gave everybody who was unfortunate enough to be a mere man a round "roasting." Her voice went out into the hall firmly and distinctly. She had finished the first argument. He was full of bliss. Without looking at her manuscript, but gazing, calm and self-possessed, at the audience, she turned a page. She paused for an instant before proceeding.

Then she glanced downward, started, flushed and read in a surprised but very audible tone: "Dearest Mattie—I love

"DEAREST MATTIE, I LOVE YOU."

you—passionately, devotedly. Will you be my wife! HENRY HANKER." For a moment she hesitated. Then the enormity of the thing seemed to fall on her with crushing force, and she fled from the stage.

It was a long time before he was able to explain things satisfactorily, but the fact that the pretty "co-ed" is now Mrs. Henry Hanker is reasonably good evidence that matters were finally arranged.

—After all, the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The Sweet Potatoes Disappeared.

THE FOLLOWING story is told by Mr. Joseph Wingfield, an ex-guardsman of Libby prison, of his experience while standing guard over the prisoners one night, in 1863:

The building was so crowded with prisoners that a large number of them were quartered in the second story of the building across the street. In the first story of this building the prison officers had stowed a large supply of splendid North Carolina sweet potatoes. About the third day after the prisoners had been placed in the building it was noticed that the potatoes were disappearing at the rate of about a bushel a day. At first it was thought that the rats had taken them, but a second thought showed that the idea was absurd. Sentinels were posted around the building, with orders to shoot any man caught stealing those potatoes; but they didn't see anybody to shoot, and, although they were posted there day and night, and no one was allowed to enter the room in which the potatoes were kept, they still continued to disappear.

Sweet potatoes at that time were considered luxuries, and the Confederate officers were nearly wild with rage at their repeated losses. The doors and windows of the room were sealed, and private marks were put on the wax. The next morning the officers went into the room. The wax was all right, but another bushel of potatoes had vanished. It was the maddest crowd you ever saw. They locked me in, and a lighted candle was put at each end of the room so that I could see. I was ordered to shoot on sight anybody that I saw stealing those yams.

It was terrible lonesome in that room. Just as fast as I would light one candle and go to the other end of the room to light the other, the rats would cut the first one down. They were regular Confederate rats, and a candle was a godsend to them.

About midnight I heard a creaking, grating noise. I cocked my gun and listened. The noise ceased. I could see nothing but the rats, and I began to think that the place was haunted. Presently the noise occurred again. I looked at the pile of potatoes, and presently saw something drop from the ceiling and fall on them. I saw it was a brick, and could distinguish a rope tied to it. I crept a little nearer to get a good look at the thing, but before I could examine it, it was drawn slowly up, and there was about a peck of potatoes sticking to it.

It went up through a hole which had been cut in the floor above, and presently came down again with a lump right in the first potatoes. It was the most artful arrangement you ever saw. The brick had about fifty holes drilled in it, and through each hole a sharpened tenpenny nail had been run, so that when the brick fell among the potatoes these nails stuck into everyone they fell on. I could not help laughing at the smart dodge those Yankees had taken. I gently put my hand forward and caught hold of the rope. Pretty soon they began to draw on it, and when it did not move I heard one fellow say:

"Steady boys; the brick's hung in something. Pull her steady without jerking."

They did pull steadily, and fairly lifted me from the floor.

"Now jerk; easy boys, easy," the director said, and they tugged away.

I got pretty red in the face holding to the rope. I was afraid to let go, because I thought some of those spiked nails might strike me in falling. I thought of my pocket knife and hauled it out just as they were putting all their weight on the other end of the rope. I cut it in two and the end shot back through the hole in the ceiling, and I could hear a rolling and tumbling on the floor above, showing that the sudden giving way of the rope had a disastrous effect. I heard another voice say:

"There, now; I told you so. You've broken the rope." We've lost our brick, and to-morrow we'll be found out. Can't you see it? We might hook it up."

Next I saw a long neck protruding through the hole, and a fellow peering down. Then I called out:

"If you trouble any more of those potatoes I'll shoot."

That fellow's head shot back through that hole just like a terrapin, and it was as still as death up there. I hated to tell on them, because it was such a sharp scheme of foraging on the enemy, but I had to. When the officers went up the next morning to examine the room it took a long time to find the hole. Those Yankees had cut a hole about a foot square through the floor, and it was done so neatly that it took good eyes to discover it.

In Many Hospitals.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I enlisted September 17, 1862; was left sick at Des Moines, Ia.; joined the regiment at Davenport, December 1; was ordered south about the 20th of the same month; we stopped at Jackson, Tenn., where we remained a few days trying to get a glimpse of Gen. Forrest. He had been there a few days before, but failed to take the town. His forces returned north to Trenton; from there he went southeast. I was taken prisoner with 100 others, December 30, 1862, by Col. S. B. Biffle, of Forrest's command. We were taken about seven miles east of Trenton, Tenn., near a log house on a hill, twenty rods from an old saw mill. I had just helped myself to ham and potatoes. We were marched back nearly six miles, paroled, guarded over night at Shady Grove, and the manner in which we were treated by Col. J. B. causes me to think he was the finest man in the rebel army. We were taken back to Trenton the next morning by Capt. Grove, who could sing the "Bonny Blue Flag" in good shape. From there we were sent to Benton Barracks. I took sick, and was in all of the hospitals there but one, finishing the round in the pox island, near St. Louis. I was told by ten doctors that my case was incurable. In November I was removed from ward "D" of the big round hospital, and transferred to Co. K, 7th V. R. C. Was on picket when Gen. Early threatened Washington, in 1864. I like the stand THE BLADE has taken in the Union soldiers' behalf.—H. F. JOHNSON, Co. A, 38th Iowa Vol. Inft.

Fought Until the Last.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In an article on the Guntown disaster, from the pen of a member of the 7th Ind. Cav., no mention is made of the 4th Iowa Cav., which regiment did good service. We lay on the ground east of the white house, while the bullets were tearing the rails to pieces. We loaded and fired without taking aim. The field was swarming with Johnnies, but we remained until the reb climbed the fence, then we fought hand to hand. Some of my comrades were taken prisoner. Our colonel's horse was shot from under him, and he was wounded in the ankle. The brush was cut to the ground, the limbs of trees fell in on every side, great slabs being torn off. The field was covered with the slain. But our soldiers were overpowered; the teamsters cut out the saddle mules, and many of the wagons were overturned or destroyed. The cannoneers spiked their guns. I saw men shot down without being asked to surrender. Don't count out the 4th Reg., comrade, for we stopped some of the Johnnies from crossing that field.—J. M. R., Co. K.

Corporal Dan and Gen. Rosseau.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed in a weekly paper, published here, that occasionally contains a collection of war letters culled from the magazines, a rather doubtful account of a fierce fight by Col. Mosby. The letter was written by a newspaper man, as told him by the redoubtable guerrilla himself, in a conversation not long since. One thing that drew my attention to it, was the fact that the Southern press is forever criticising us for boasting, accusing us of lying outright. In this bombast, Col. Mosby outdoes anything I have yet seen, if it was intended for truth. The notorious Col. Mosby undoubtedly did some sharp tricks, but they were invariably the tricks of a coward. Such a thing as a fair, stand-up fight, man for man, he never undertook. He would always run, like the cur he was, and hide in some remote glen in the mountains, after having crawled on the ground like a snake and murdered some lone picket; or, in the event of being hard pressed by some of our indignant troopers, he would disguise himself as a gouty old farmer, and when our troopers would pass the warrior he would be stumping about the pig lot, staff in hand. It was this kind of sharp practice that gained for him his notoriety. He tells in the article alluded to how he, with a mere handful of men, was surprised by Capt. Flint, of a Vermont regiment of cavalry. According to his account the Vermonters were smitten hip and thigh. Capt. Flint was killed, and his men were persued and butchered by this handful of modern knights until only a few were left. Now, were the Vermonters built that way? I hardly think so; at all events, we never found anything in the four years' experience we had with the Johnny on his native heath, that we would not tackle, man for man. When they got through with us I am willing to affirm that they never had anything of which to boast.

We were frequently in the same plight, I'll admit; especially when we were pitted against the Rangers. They never whipped us in a fair fight, and we did lick them furiously at Sugar Creek and Pulaski bridge; also at Campbellstown. I mention places where only the 5th Iowa was engaged. At Sugar Creek we routed two full regiments with the sabre and put them to flight, killing 30 and taking over a hundred prisoners. At Pulaski bridge we routed Ross's brigade; but they labored under the disadvantage attendant on a defeated and retreating army. When we charged them, they were heroically trying to destroy the bridge. We drove them away and saved the bridge. The 9th Indiana assisted in subduing the flames and saving the bridge. But the charge was made by Cos. C and I, of the 5th Iowa alone, led by Sergt. Poines, of Co. I, who lost his life at the head of the charging squadron—as brave a man as ever lived.

Whatever fighting we did we fought as true Yankee soldiers, facing the enemy wherever we found him. Killing pickets in the lonely watches of the night is a kind of pastime we never indulged in, nor was it carried on by our army. Another thing: We were never guilty of murdering our prisoners, while the Southerners sometimes boast of having knocked prisoners in the head to be rid of them. Now, I rather expect the F. F. V's will howl some at this kind of talk, but all I can say is, chain up your dogs, or muzzle them, so they can not yelp so, if you want us to keep quiet.

Sometimes quite laughable incidents occurred in every regiment. One of these happened with Corporal Dan Drummond, of Co. D, 5th Iowa, as the hero. We were being sharply pressed by Wheeler when near West Point, Ala., on the Rosseau raid. Dan was a part of the advance. The Indiana regiment had been fired on, and Gen. Rosseau was on his old sorrel, with Co. C in line of battle, expecting a fight. Something was coming up on a road to our left. The general thought the rebs were about to play a trick on him and steal him away while Harrison was engaged in front with his whole force. All he had was Co. C; nevertheless, he was not going to be gathered in without a fight. On came the clatter of horsemen on the road on our left. The general was getting more and more excited. Furiously he gave us the order to "draw saber." Our sabers flashed out; old sorrel was getting his dander up; he pranced round lively with the old man, but suddenly the cause of all the confusion came bounding out of the woods—Corp. Dan Drummond and three men, with seven prisoners and five extra horses.

"Well, my man," was the general's greeting, "what the devil are you at? Where is your regiment, sir?"

Dan was rather taken by surprise, but he answered promptly, "I don't know."

"Don't know, eh? Don't know! D——n you, where have you been, sir? Who are these dirty scamps with you? Now, sir, talk up, don't mumble!"

I saw there was a storm brewing if something was not done pretty soon, so I called out:

"What's up, Dan? Where did you get them chaps?"

As soon as I spoke his name, and before he could answer the general fairly shouted:

"Who in hell is he; If you know him, out with it!"

"Corp. Dan. Drummond, of Co. D, 5th Iowa," I replied.

He reined his old horse round toward Dan as quick as a flash, exclaiming:

"Now, sir, tell me where you are."

"I can't say," commenced Dan, "just where I am now; I was on the advance with Capt. McNeely, and somehow we got on the wrong road, and first thing we knew we were right in the street of a little town. There were horses tied to posts, lots of them; then a lot of fellows came tearing out of a whisky shop and began to shoot at us, when I told the boys to go for them; but by Jupiter, they commenced

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Cow Has Garget.

Subscriber, La Fayette county, Missouri: Your cow is troubled with garget. Give her a cathartic of ¾ lb. Epsom salts in a quart of warm water in which there is stirred about a cupful of molasses. Bathe the udder with warm water every day for a week and give her in drinking water an ounce of saltpetre once a day for a week. Give her no corn. You should milk her at least twice a day. Rub the udder around the teat that gives the bloody milk with powdered camphor, ½ oz.; extract of belladona, 1 oz.; lard, 1 oz.

Silk Culture.

Mrs. R. F., Kansas: The Kansas state silk commission has been abolished. One commissioner, Dr. L. A. Buck, of Peabody, has been appointed in its stead. By writing to him you will no doubt get the information you want. The United States government has purchased cocoons raised in this country, at filatures in Washington, Philadelphia and Peabody, Kansas. No appropriation has as yet been made, we believe, for the purchase of cocoons this year. Write to Hon. J. M. Rusk, secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and you will be sent a pamphlet regarding the silk worm industry.

Ringbone in Horses.

I. N. F. (no state): A ringbone is a prominent hardness appearing immediately above the top of the hoof; if extending around the front half of the pastern is called low ringbone; but the ring is more in the middle of the pastern—but of exactly like nature in every other respect—in the case of what is called high ringbone. After three months the growth of ringbone is complete, and it cannot be reduced by applications of any kind. When a horse has ringbone in the fore leg put on a thin-heeled bar shoe; when in the hind limb, he should wear a high-heeled shoe. In the case of ringbone, bin-iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs.; mix well. Shave off the hair and rub the part once a day for six or eight days, washing off once a day with warm soapsuds water. Heal with unsalted lard after washing with proof spirits. Firing is recommended by many veterinarians.

Cheapest Way to Rot Down a Stack of Hay.

W. T., Michigan: The stack should be taken down, as the large body of straw prevents decomposition. Better make it into heaps, say five feet deep, in layers of a foot each, between which scatter fresh, unslaked lime. You can also scatter salt and plaster. The coating of lime should be light, and the mass made up away from the cattle yard or stable. Over the heaps put a covering of fine mold.

Hidebound Horse.

E. J. R., Illinois: To recruit your hidebound horse take of potassa, 4 ozs.; crude antimony, 1 oz.; sulphur, 3 ozs. Pulverize the antimony and potassa finely, then add the sulphur and mix the whole well together. Give a tablespoonful of this mixture in a bran mash daily. In addition to the above, wash the horse thoroughly with warm water and soap, dry him, and rub him until his hide is aglow. This will, with the medicine above, get the pores of the skin into healthy action, and by regular feeding the horse will come out all right.

Hooves Thin and Rotten.

W. B. W., Missouri: The rotten and thin hooves of your horse is no doubt the result of founder. The trouble has now reached a condition that will require careful treatment. Cut away as much of the diseased part as possible, poultice the feet for three or four days with linseed meal poultice. Then put on bar shoes. Give the horse a cathartic of powdered aloes, 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz. Give as a drench in a pint of warm water. Take of castor oil, Barbadoes tar and soft soap, equal parts of each; melt all together and stir while cooling, and apply a little to the hoof three or four times a week. The horse should not be kept at heavy work for several weeks.

Very Likely Roup.

N. S. P., Michigan: Your chickens that have a rattle in their throat are very likely troubled with roup. Wash their heads with warm water and a very little vinegar mixed, and pour a few drops of kerosene oil down their throats. Keep them away from dampness, feed no soft feed, and let them have plenty of grass. If many of your fowls have the disease, it will be well for you to put them in new quarters. It is a hard matter to rid fowls of roup when it has a firm hold. When it is first seen, remove the sick from the well, and clean up the coop well by whitewashing and sprinkling the floor with carbolic acid and water, an ounce of the former to a gallon of the latter.

Urticaria.

J. V. M., Beech Creek: Your horse has a trouble known as urticaria. Some horses are subject to it when put in pasture in the spring. You are giving too much sulphur. Give him a dose of 2¼ ozs. of powdered aloes and 1 oz. of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. When this operates, bathe the hide with a wash of sugar of lead (one drachm to a pint of water). The disease is not a dangerous one. Feed at stated hours, or let him run to grass, after the above treatment, and if we judge your letter correctly, he will soon be free from the lumps. A horse should not be allowed to get wet while taking sulphur.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strawberry Experience.

I well remember the first crop of strawberries I raised; have never grown so good a one since. The ground was a gravelly clay, very stony; was plowed and manured early in the spring. While setting out the plants, an old gentleman came along and stopped to watch us. Finally he said: "You are not setting them right." I asked why. He said he was a strawberry district in Canada and had worked at it a good deal. Then he showed us how. Taking the plant in the left hand he dug a hole with his right, and as he put the plant in he gave it a shake that spread the roots out; then covered with earth. I hired him to set the rest. How they did grow! The rows were four feet apart, and by fall we had just room enough to walk between them. They were mulched in spring with straw. It was a sight to see the berries when ready to pick; they literally covered the ground. I counted 114 berries on one plant of Wilson; the plantation yielded 168 bushels to the acre. I have heard of raising 200 per acre, but it does not seem as though any more berries could hang on plants than there were on these. I left the plants for another year and set out a fresh piece, thinking I would make myself rich in a few years. The next crop on the first piece was only fifteen bushels. I have made up my mind it does not pay to take more than one crop. The Wilson is a heavy bearer but not vigorous enough: I like the Crescent better.—[Cor. Country Gentleman.

The Farmer's Horse.

In speaking of the farmer's horse at a Wisconsin institute, Mr. J. M. True said that it is fortunate when the communities of farmers can unite in raising the same kind of horses, as by the number and uniform quality of the stock offered, buyers are attracted and better prices are obtained. The horse market is not exempt from the general conditions which, with a close competition, surround all our farm enterprises, and, in common with other lines of work, success lies only in the path of intelligent, persistent work, that will place our product beyond general competition by virtue of its excellence. So the farmer's horse must be bred for a special purpose, and that purpose the putting of the most money possible in the pocket of the owner. The poorest results in individual cases that may come from such work will still be superior to what may be expected from the thoughtless and penurious methods of the past.

Capons.

This subject has been attracting the attention of poultry-raisers for the past year or two, and the indications are that in five years the practice of caponizing cockerels will become as universal in this country as it has been in France for years. The advantages to be gained by the operation, accompanied by the big profits, are so great that it cannot escape the attention of the man who raises poultry for the market.

For the past two years the poultry-raisers of New Jersey have enjoyed a monopoly in this work, and have had the market very much to themselves; but lately the poultry breeders of the Western states have taken the matter up, and to-day as fine capons are produced there as can be found in the country.

A capon is a cockerel that has been castrated. The quality of the meat is improved by the operation, exactly as that of any other animal. About 40 per cent is added to the weight of the bird, and 50 per cent to its price, thus making a double gain.

With the use of proper instruments the operation is of the simplest nature, and can be performed by any one successfully in three minutes.

The three things necessary, to be successful, are birds of the proper size, that are in the right condition, a good practical set of instruments, and a suitable table or stand to work on, with good light from overhead. With all this one can caponize with the assurance of being perfectly successful.

The birds should weigh from two to three pounds, and should be confined to a coop without food or water for thirty-six hours, before commencing upon them, the object being to have their intestines empty, to give room for the work. A cheap table can be made, with straps to hold the wings and legs securely. The use of any instruments that have forceps, tweezers, or nippers for removing the testicles, should be strictly avoided. One cannot be successful with them, as they are apt to rupture the vein and cause death, or else they do not remove the whole testicle, and a slip is the consequence.

A capon requires but little care, and not as much feed as roosters and hens, for this simple reason that after being performed upon they become very quiet, and all they eat goes to forming meat, bone and fat.

They recover very quickly from the operation, and in two weeks' time one can hardly find the scar where the cut was made. They become very tame, grow very rapidly and are never sick. Any breed of fowl may be caponized, and they will gain an extra amount of weight in proportion to their natural weight. For the first four or five months that follow they fill out with solid flesh and fat, making heavy, plump and attractive birds, that are tender, juicy and rich.—[Cor. Prairie Farmer.

Plum Curculio Experiments.

"The variety of plum whose blooming season covers the greatest period of time will best withstand the work of the curculio, the earliest appearing fruit forming a sort of protection to the latter." So Prof. F. M. Webster concludes from extensive experiments on this subject, reported in *Insect Life*. "So far as my experiments have gone," he says, "the rule seems to hold good among both apples and plums. All of the apples used in both last season's experiments and this were grown among plum trees also fruiting, thereby demonstrating the fact that the planting of plum trees in the apple orchard will not protect the latter, and vice versa. From the drift of evidence gained from experiments of both last year and this, it would appear that if anything is to be gained by using another fruit to draw off the curculio and protect the plum, the point is almost as likely to be attained through the Nectarine as the apple. Indeed, this year the apples on the tree from which the fruit for last year's experiment was obtained suffered as bad or worse than the plums on trees growing interjacent.

Occasional notices appear in the agricultural papers to the effect that the female curculio will not oviposit in fruit overhanging water. While this seems very doubtful, to say the least, an experiment was made to test the matter; but while clearing up the fog in one quarter, the results appear to have still further increased the obscurity in another. A shallow pan, large enough to cover the ground under one-half of a Mariana plum tree, was placed in position April 24, and kept continually filled with water until August 10. Now, not only were females observed in the act of ovipositing in plums hanging directly over the pan, but the latter contained from time to time quite large numbers of punctured fruit; nevertheless, the only plums reaching maturity were among those hanging directly over the water.

A single experiment was made to determine the duration of life, and the probability of the female ovipositing, after having partaken of poison. Twelve females taken from the plum tree on May 17, where they were evidently ovipositing, were kept for 24 hours without food, some eggs having in the meantime been deposited in the box where they were confined. At 5 p. m. they were removed and placed separately in receptacles containing a leaf of the plum, thickly dusted with London purple. At 8 p. m., three hours later, nearly all seemed to be affected, but were removed and placed separately in clean quarters, and each provided with a fresh plum. At 11 a. m. next day many were dead, the remainder surviving but a few hours longer, but in no case were eggs deposited in the fruit. —[Orange Judd Farmer.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? What were the mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Cedar Vale, Chautauqua County, Kan.

1.—Farmers are barely meeting expenses, with a part falling behind, as the high interest they pay on their mortgages consumes the most of their income.

2.—Nine out of ten. They were contracted when wheat was $1, corn 30 cents, and 5 cents for cattle and hogs.

3.—All combined.

4.—We want cheaper rate of interest, more money, lower transportation, and higher prices for the farm products; legislation against trusts on grain, stock and sugar, and cheap labor, and, most of all, the foreign syndicates getting all the plants of any value in their control is of vital importance to all the West; and last, but not least, to pension all the Union soldiers.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn, cotton, and some flax.—E. M.

Mt. Vernon, Lawrence Co., Mo.

There never was a time when farmers held more money than they do now. They never lived better or dressed better. They never had more or better attended schools, nor built more churches; yet all this does not satisfy the tariff reformer. He is blind and deaf to the simplest principles of national economy; can't get it through his head how national prosperity intimately brings about individual prosperity; nor why, when the good Lord made us, He did not make us all lords, rich without labor or pains. (This is a hint on a subject which THE BLADE columns are not large enough to describe in all its features.) As the tariff question is the question of questions in American politics, I will give you the views of a farmer who has never run for an office, never made a speech, and was never a delegate to a convention; so it is plain these views were not bought by a bribe of political standing in any party.

The United States of America is my home, the home of my fathers, and, God being willing, will be the home of my children hereafter. I look upon it as my house. I want it completed from garret to cellar. I want the foundations strong. I want the different stones cemented so solidly together that the combinations of nations can not shake them. I want one universal brotherhood; all immutably helping each other. Now, let us see what my heritage is: It is a farm 1,200 miles wide and 3,000 long, worked by 65,000,000 hands. Now, how is our business prospering? I would say, splendid—from 10 to 1,000 per cent in all material departments since 1860. Cause of this great blessing, the protective tariff.

I will now come to Lawrence county again. I like to talk of home for that is what I know most about, and am most interested in. In 1860 we had 7,000 inhabitants; in 1890 we will have 35,000 inhabitants. In 1860 there was not a respectable school-house in the county; now there are near a hundred, with three college institutes, and the higher branches of learning are taught in most the public schools. This has been accomplished by the prosperity of the farmers, under a protective tariff. In 1860 our mothers manufactured all our clothes except some shoddy goods the merchant sold for Sunday wear at 100 per cent above present prices, and this under free trade.

The morality of this county is 100 per cent better now than it was in 1860. Every neighborhood is supplied with churches the year round, and many schools. There is a Sabbath school in nearly every district, an organ or other musical instrument in nearly every home and the children trained to sing sacred music. Our farm implements are changed from bull-teams and tar-hub wagons, in 1860, to carriages and blooded horses. This under a protective tariff. I have so many grand things crowding through my mind of the great blessings we have been the recipients of by a sensible tariff system, that I would take more time from the readers of THE BLADE than would be due a much abler writer, so now for my system of protection: For the benefit of farmers, I will commence the schedule with wool. Pass a bill through Congress placing a progressive duty on wool, increasing from the present rate to a prohibitory duty in ten years, and then change our existing wheat and corn production to wool. Let the duty on sugar be removed, with a bounty to the sugar producers of our own country.

Then our idle factories, and those which would be built, could clothe the world, and put to work the people in every hamlet of our land. Foreign nations do not trade with us because they love us. It is because their necessities cannot be supplied from other sources. Farmers, now keep this in view: If we would buy all the goods we use of England, Germany and France, they would not buy 10 per cent more wheat, beef or pork than they do now, and by so doing we would damage our home market 50 per cent. Demagogues of long stripe are continually attacking the farmer, trying to make him believe he is the most downtrodden factor of our common country, when in fact we are the wealthiest and most independent element.

Stick to the home market, stick to protection, stick honest men into office, stand by your boys and teach them that America is their country and home, and some fine morning you may wake up and find you are the father of one of the barons or railroad kings, and be certain not to disown him.—J. K. B.

Gilman, Benton Co., Minn.

I am a farmer in a comparatively new town. Many judgments, this far-fetched cry of oppression is all bosh. The farmers in this county have an equal show with all other classes of business, although we have had poor crops and small prices.

1.—They are getting slowly, in general.

2.—There are about one-half under mortgage, mostly to secure first payment on farm, or for improvements.

3.—When going behind, mostly bad management.

4.—I speak more from my own judgment than from what I hear; protect our produce with a reasonable tariff, and we will take the consequences.

5.—Wheat and other small grains, corn, hemp, flax, and all kinds of vegetables commonly grown in the North.—T. D. L.

Henrietta, Richmond Co., Wis.

In answer to your five questions on "Farmers' Ills," for this township, as I am acquainted with nearly all:

1.—Nearly all are holding their own, and the majority making a little money.

2.—One in 20, mostly, to pay for land.

3.—Bad management, low prices and high freight rates.

4.—The state should give us lower freight rates and Congress should pass a service pension law, say the present law.

5.—Crops are wheat, oats and corn, with plenty of grass and stock.—C. H.

Portland, Ionia Co., Mich.

1.—Rather going back. Farms 40 per cent less in value than 10 years ago.

2.—Seven out of ten, to pay off other mortgages and keep up style, and too much machinery.

3.—Low prices and taxes, and 60 per cent bad management.

4.—Cut down the state and county salaries, and all professional men the same. Fix it so the producer can get his produce to the consumer without taking all the profits.—L. T. S.

Kumler, McLean Co., Ill.

1.—Owners of farms making money, renters losing or keeping even.

2.—About 10 for improvements.

3.—Low prices and trying to keep up style of living with people better off.

4.—Have heard no opinions expressed.

5.—Corn and oats; no.—G. B. I.

Prairie Center, Buffalo Co., Neb.

We have a good, industrious and intelligent class of farmers, ever ready to turn every available thing that can be raised on a farm into money. Whilst I was seated in my chair, I counted twenty farms in a square of three miles that are mortgaged. I als counted seven that I knew were not mortgaged, and some that are in the hands of speculators. All these farms, or mostly all, were homesteaded about twelve years ago, people putting up sod houses, breaking their land, and putting it into corn mostly. Of late years a goodly share is in wheat and oats. All now bringing a low price. As the farmers increased, in breaking their land they had to obtain implements to work with, and being poor, had to buy them on credit. For instance, buying a plow valued at $12 cash, the farmer was compelled to give his note for three or four months for $14 and 10 per cent interest, and as taxes in such a case are that, if they felt so disposed, they could take the plow away if not all paid when due.

All other machinery, including wagons, was bought on the same terms, according to their value, with a big premium. The farmers found that they could not make both ends meet, with the low prices of grain, with corn at 15¢ to 15 cents a bushel. Therefore they were driven to borrow money on other land and get a loan of from $500 to $1,000, paying 10 per cent interest, and paying that twice a year, or at the end of six months. The present trouble lies right here. A farmer who cannot get value for our stock and produce. Why? Because the railroads charge more for hauling our grain to Chicago than we can get for it; whereas, if they did not take it all for hauling, we could live. We have good soil in this state, and can compete with any of the Western states. All we want is justice, and that we, as farmers, are determined to have. We are getting our eyes opened, and will show our light next fall; also the big interest that we, as farmers, have to pay, with low prices, must drive some of us to the wall. Some of us will either have to sell out or be sold out. The agents get their money from the Eastern states at a low rate (6 and 7 per cent,) and shove the balance down into their pockets for merely handling the money, for the interest has to come when due, or blood. Yours truly, SUBSCRIBER.

Bryan, Williams Co., Ohio.

1.—Making a little money, say 2 or 3 per cent.

2.—Five out of ten; to pay for the land four times out of five.

3.—Low prices, in the majority of the cases.

4.—Reduce the salaries of officers, from President down to constable, and let them work for the same wages farmers have to, put in the same number of hours, and divide up generally.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats and grass. In conclusion let me give you a few prices in this town: Butter 5 to 6 cents, eggs 11, hogs $3.25 per cwt., fat cattle 3 cents, wheat 80 cents, clover seed $3, corn 27 cents, wool 25 to 30 cents. Give us better prices, reduce taxes and interest, and the farmers will be all right. —BRYAN.

Muscatine Co., Iowa.

1.—Most of the farmers are making some money, but not much; some are at a stand, while some are fast going behind.

2.—It is my opinion that six in ten are mortgaged; fully 60 per cent of them to enlarge their business, perhaps 20 per cent to get a start, and 20 per cent because of their falling behind. In my opinion those who have borrowed heavily to enlarge their business have hard work to pay the interest on their debts and make any money besides.

3.—Most of the people here are old settlers and the original purchases paid for.

3.—Bad management, shiftlessness or misfortunes.

Crops have been good for two years and prices low. High freight rates cut no figure here, but those who handle farm products after they leave the farmers' hands have so united that no chance is left for competition, and they generally fix prices at about the cost of production. Never was farming carried on so systematically as now and never so narrow a margin for profits. These middle men, having come to an agreement between themselves, fix the prices which they will pay for any product and often arbitrarily. If there is a surplus of the product above home consumption, Chicago prices govern, of course, and that, I suppose, are controlled the same way. And so it is that with excellent crops we are in danger of falling behind.

It is another drawback on most farmers that they are poor buyers. They so often buy tools and other things they might get along without, and even go in debt for them. They are tempted into doing this by manufacturers and their agents, who urge the sale of their implements on the plea of long time and easy payments. Too often they try to live in the style of their wealthier city cousins, when their income will support only plain, simple habits.

The farmer with $5,000 invested in farm property must dress his family plainly, without much regard to the styles. He may ride in a spring wagon and send children to school, and if he have no expensive habits and industriously puts in 12 to 15 hours a day, he may probably lay up $200 or $300 a year. Then he is prosperous if he can do that.

4.—I do not think there is much relief from legislation. The general government might declare that interference in the channels of trade, so as to corner products or prices, is a crime against the commonwealth, similar to treason—so much so that the writ of habeas corpus may be denied. Thus might rich schemes be brought to speedy trial; but if they may give bonds and buy up the courts, there is not much hope of receiving them, especially amid the diverse opinions of men in such matters. That laws may be effective, their justice and workings must be very clear to the whole people, and generally sustained.

The general government might establish model industries for the working up of agricultural products where these kind of manufactures are new to the people, so that they may be educated to diversify and develop their resources.

I think if our products were diversified and we understood better what to do with them, and were to put them up into things fit for use, we would do better. If we had in our county a plant for working up sorghum by the new process, a beet sugar plant, also for making binding twine per ton, and other hundred lines of business, the farmers would be stimulated to new productions, and their sons would find opportunities in new industries. But I must leave this point imperfectly stated.

State legislatures might pass laws to abate taxes levied on mortgaged property to the amount of half the mortgage, or the whole of its assessed valuation.

They might reduce the legal rate of interest to 4 per cent and the limit of interest to 6 per cent. There is no sense in farmers paying double the interest that others do.

They might pass an act to abolish commissions charged on the loan of Eastern money. Though I do think that it would be a blessing to us if the last dollar of this accursed Eastern usury money was put away from us, I have been up against it, to us. We have three times over paid to Eastern capitalists the value of our farms as interest.

5.—Our crops here are mainly corn, oats, hay, grass and potatoes. Without a knowledge of other productions, we would rather stick to that we understand. Give us a good beef and hog market, and we are all right; but we cannot raise cows for $15 a head, hogs for $3 per cwt., nor sell butter at 10 cents a pound. I believe there is something in raising colts, but have not tested that fairly. Poultry deserves more attention. There is more money in that than in butter.

Now, in conclusion. I think our chief hope lies in association. First, for systematically holding up part of our supplies until there is a demand for it; second, for diversifying products, and thus avoid a glut of the staples; third, for the purpose of having in the best market; fourth, to facilitate the exchange of such farm products as they can profitably, and thus avoid their passing into the hands of middlemen. This is more important than at first appears. For instance, a buyer gives me $15 for a fat heifer that would dress 400 pounds. He sells her to the butcher for 2½ cents gross, making, say $8 profit (butchers don't like to buy directly of the farmer here). I go to the shop for a chunk of fresh meat, in common, and I pay 12½ cents a pound, and soon eat up my heifer. I think every farming community ought to establish a co-operative salesroom and exchange or purchasing agency. 5.—To encourage them learn to do without what they can't pay for. I do not think free trade will help us through; the tariff should not be higher than to secure protection. Factories do not help us much so long as they are all in the East. They should be in every farming community. With high freight rates on railroads and cheap ocean tariff the factories might as well be in Europe as in New England for all they benefit us. I cannot see that a further increase of the volume of currency will help. How can it benefit prices when they have been corrected?

Give the farmer a wider knowledge of the paying products and a steady market; rid the unfortunate of usurious interest and the problem is nigh unto solution.

Dunkirk, Hardin Co., Ohio.

1.—The condition of the farmers is not encouraging. A few are making a little money. Many are no more than making expenses. A large number are running behind.

2.—At least 4 out of 10 are mortgaged. Some were given for each of the three causes named.

3.—The principal causes of farmers running behind are, poor crops, low prices of farm produce and high tariff on what they are obliged to buy.

4.—As to relief through legislation, the only effectual relief is to remove the main cause of the trouble.

Farmers are paying too much for what they have to buy in proportion to what they get for what they sell. Let Congress reduce the tariff on all necessaries of life materially and let the luxuries bear the burden, while you propose relief by adding $120,000,000 a year to the pension expenses. We farmers cannot see the profit of being taxed $120,000,000 more, and paying that money back again to a certain class, even if it did get back into the same neighborhood.

5th.—The principal crops are wheat, corn, oats, rye, potatoes, hay, etc. No.—W. H. M.

Herndon, Guthrie Co., Iowa.

Having a kindly regard for THE BLADE, through sympathy with the stand it generally takes upon public questions, I will give you my views of "Farmer's Ills" in this locality.

1.—Making money. This census will show a wonderful increase in wealth here.

2.—Nearly all mortgaged at time of purchase of land, and renewed as mortgage became due.

3.—None running behind.

4.—I couldn't suggest any relief for farmers not as prosperous as we, except for the general government to adjourn and stay there.

5.—Crops grown, corn and oats the principal, with potatoes, millet and grass. Sales consist of cattle, corn, oats, horses, eggs, butter, poultry and potatoes. I think the amount in cash will correspond with the articles in the order named. Banks here have been in operation twenty years, depending almost exclusively upon farmers for patronage; never issue loans at less than 10 per cent. Are you trying to checkmate Cleveland's letter to Farmers' Alliance? Tell the farmers the truth, that in the ocean of business they may seldom reach the crest of the highest wave, nor as often go to the bottom as others, but that they do have fair opportunities for selling, with fair prices for twenty years on the articles I have named.—W. H. P.

Downs, Osborne Co., Kansas.

I have as good a chance to know about the ills of farmers in this vicinity as any one. I will attempt to answer your five questions. Having been an assessor for two years, I have learned considerable in that line.

1.—They are about holding their own.

2.—About nine in every ten; given to make improvement and to live upon.

3.—Farmers are running behind on account of bad management, poor crops, low prices and high freight rates.

4.—Congress should supply more money per capita, do away with all trusts, own all legal money, and regulate railroad freight. State legislature should regulate taxation and reduce all salaries, from the highest to the lowest.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats and rye; it is adapted to raising sorghum, broom-corn and flax.

6.—Congress should pass a general service pension law which would distribute money all over the country about equally, and the distribution would be made every three months. Long may the old BLADE wave.—R. A. H.

A PROHIBITION LAY.

Nothing is lost in all this world;
The smallest's smallest ray,
The mity grain of drifting sand
Have each their part to play.
And tho' the beer kegs ranged in rows
Beside the curb-stone stand,
Are full no longer—What of that?
Just gaze upon the men.
—[Philadelphia Times.

The Purest and Best

Articles known to medical science are used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every ingredient is carefully selected, personally examined, and only the best retained. The medicine is prepared under the supervision of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and every step in the process of manufacture is carefully watched with a view to securing in Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

A NONSENSE RHYME.

The captain rolled down to the quay,
For drunk as a fiddler was huay;
But the anchor was weighed,
And the sheets were belowed,
And the schooner sailed out to the suay.
—[Boston Courier.

"MANY A MICKLE MAKE A MUCKLE."

Man wants but little here below,
For years we've heard the poets sing;
But from plain prose of life we know
He wants a little of everything.
—[Puck.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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MUCH TOIL, LITTLE MONEY.

THE OLD STORY OF THE SWEATER,

Told This Time by Cloakmakers—Poor Pay, Long Hours, and Hard Conditions of Their Work.

In the poorest and most wretched of the tenement houses which abound in the Tenth ward and the lower portion of the Seventeenth live the cloakmakers, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. Between 4,000 and 5,000 Jews, most of whom were driven by poverty from their homes in Poland and Hungary, are crowded together here in squalid rooms, where, by dim light, they make the ladies' cloaks and jackets which are sold in the fashionable stores all over the city. Through the recent strikes, which arose from their discontended condition, these poor workmen have come into greater prominence than they have enjoyed for many years, and when the leaders of the strike went about soliciting donations for the half-starved strikers a great many people learned a surprising lot of things about the condition of the cloakmakers of today. To many persons the idea that there were in this city 5,000 men who, for five months in the year, worked from sixteen to twenty hours a day in order that they might turn out enough work to bring them in $20 a week, and then, during the rest of the year, could only get enough work to make $3 or perhaps $4 a week, seemed rather incredible.

There are more than seven thousand cloakmakers in this city. Of these perhaps fifteen hundred work in the factories or the stores of the big manufacturing firms, and receive either a stated weekly salary, in which case they have employment all the year round, or so much a piece for the work they do. To obtain a situation in one of the large factories is considered by the average cloakmaker a "snap." These men are under the supervision of the proprietor, and, as a rule, are contented. When the reporter, after hearing the strikers' side of the story, repeated it to one of the manufacturers, the latter replied:

"Why, I do not see how that can be true. I am paying my men $15, $20 and $25 a week salary, and many of those

FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY.

who do piece work make as much as $30 and some even $35 a week. This, of course, is in the busy season. but even when trade is slack they manage to make their living."

Few of the manufacturers seem to have any idea at all of the state of things outside of their own workshops. Their position is this: They employ a large number of cutters to cut the whole cloth into the parts of a cloak. This loose material must all be sewed into garments and be ready at a certain time for the spring or winter season.

They keep a certain number of cloakmakers in their store or factory throughout the year, who are kept at work on the kind of goods which are either kept in stock or can be sold at all seasons. When the great rush comes, and the latest styles have to be turned out as quickly as possible, it would necessitate their employing several hundred more hands to do the work. There are 500 contractors engaged in this business in New York city. Several of these contractors approach each firm and offer to take away the cut material and bring it back made into cloaks for so much for each garment. As an immediate relief from the worry and trouble which they would have if they employed the cloakmakers themselves, the manufacturers gladly consent to this, and then they do not have to bother their heads about them until the cloaks are returned all finished.

It is against these 500 contractors that the 5,000 cloakmakers protest. Some of these contractors keep their men at work in vile holes. When the reporter, with one of the *Sun's* artists, visited one of these places, a woman who had evidently seen better days, blushed when she learned his errand and said:

"I feel almost ashamed to let you go through the house."

Most of them are Polish Jews, some few are Russians and Hungarians, while a very small number are Germans. With the Polish Jews, as a rule, the head of the family comes over first, and, by dint of hard work and an incredible amount of self-denial, saves enough money to bring over his wife and children. Some of them have worked at the tailoring trade in their native towns, and learn the cloakmaking trade with great ease. The greater number, however, have never plied the needle before, and it takes them more than a year to become only passably good workmen. When they land in this city they invariably drift into the neighborhood which may be bounded by Stanton, Hester, and Clinton streets and the Bowery, where they meet fellow townsmen who procure for them lodgings with one of their countrymen. The immigrant immediately begins an apprenticeship somewhere. He learns first to be handy with the needle, to sew the parts of a cloak together, to sew in the lining, to trim, to bind, to sew on buttons and finish buttonholes, and so on, until he is able to turn out a whole cloak himself, if he is called upon to do so, although, as a rule, different men are kept at work on the various parts of the garment. He rarely makes more than $2 or $3 per week for the first year, and usually is dependent during this period on his friends, who are very little better situated than himself.

The apprenticeship finally has an end, and he enters upon a career as a journeyman cloakmaker. He works on, leading a dog's life for three or four years and earning starvation wages, out of which he must feed and clothe himself. He manages in some unaccountable way to save, perhaps, $100, or may be $200, which he sends to his wife to pay her passage to the New World. Then a woman, usually with a troop of rosy-cheeked children, arrives in due time, and the Polish Jew leads them off to their new home in some dirty tenement in the most crowded portions of the city. Her husband leads them through the hallway, across the yard, and into the rear building, where, after climbing some wearisome stairs, he ushers them into a room.

Most of these women at once begin to learn the husband's vocation, and if the children are old enough—14 years is considered a suitable age at which to begin—they are also made to learn the trade.

Some of the contractors give work to fifty and sixty men, others to five or six, but an average number would be fifteen. Some of the contractors are themselves operators, who formerly worked for other contractors, and who, through friendship or a pull with the foreman of the workroom of the big firms, have received a sufficient amount of work to do to enable them to start in business for themselves. The bigger contractors, however, and those who employ the most hands, are men who went into the business as a speculation. It requires little or no capital, only the friendship of the superintendent or foreman of the workroom, and it pays something like 500 or 600 per cent. Each firm has a schedule of prices which they pay contractors, and this includes thread and other little things which the contractor must furnish. For a cloak which a skilled workman, working fourteen hours a day, can turn out at the rate of eight or nine a day, the manufacturer would pay fifty cents. The contractor sends an express wagon to the factory and gets a load of cut material, which he distributes among the workmen. At the end of the week, when he pays the men, he goes through a calculation something like this:

For expressage of each garment	.02
For binding and finishing	.05
For ironing and pressing	.06
For buttonhole silk, cotton, rent, and wear and tear of machines	.10
For profit	.10
Total	.33

Balance to operator, 17 cents.

The figures vary with the kind of work done, but they are in the above proportion. Then at the end of the week the cloakmaker gets his $9 or $10. If the contractor employs twenty men, who turn out about 1,000 garments a week, he makes $100 a week profit.

There are two busy seasons in the cloak trade. One is in March and the latter part of February, when the spring goods are made, and the other and more important season in July, August, September and October, when the heavy winter cloaks and jackets have to be made. In these months the big firms give out enough work to keep busy every cloakmaker in New York. This is the time when the workmen get around to the contractors' shops at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning and stay there until 10 or 11 at night. They have as much as they can do then, and they know that what they earn must carry them through the dull season, when no work can be had. So they work and stitch and sew until their eyes grow weary and they are ready to drop with fatigue, but still they keep at it. Day after day it is the same hard drudge until Thursday comes. Then they work 20 and 22 hours for a change, because on Friday at sundown their Sabbath begins. They spend that between the synagogue and their beds, and Saturday night finds them at their sewing machines again. Thus they can make $20 a week and some of the stronger men even $25. The season ends. Work comes in slowly, and is divided evenly among the workmen. They can finish it all in six hours, pretty soon in four hours, and then there is just enough to take them two hours of work. They begin to live on what they have saved in the busy season. How they do it is a mystery. That they can do it is evinced by the fact that there are no deaths from starvation in that neighborhood.

None of the contractors have shops or special buildings where the work is done, but the most of them hire an ordinary apartment in a tenement house, where they both live and work. The places in which more than 400 of the contractors carry on their business were never intended for workshops. They are ordinary living apartments and, as a rule, pretty poor ones. As many sewing machines as can be put into the rooms are crowded together and the workmen packed in with them. The ventilation is uniformly poor, and the light worse yet. For every eight or nine operators the contractor usually employs a presser, who irons the cloaks after they leave the workmen's hands. When there is any work going on there is always a big stove or fireplace in the workshop, glowing at red heat, upon which the presser keeps his irons hot. This stove is usually in the same room with the workmen. In some of the larger shops the contractors have had enough human feeling in them to keep the stove in a separate room, but these cases are rare.

Men and women work together in one room in most places. One of the things which causes great dissatisfaction is the employment of Italian women to do the finishing; that is, the sewing on of buttons and the making of buttonholes. The Italians do this work for even less than the Polish Jews would receive for it, and in consequence they get most of the work. An Italian woman usually calls at the shops in the morning and takes a bundle of the cloaks to her home in Mulberry street. The sight of the woman going through the streets with the bundle on her head is familiar to New Yorkers.

THE HORRIBLE FLY.

Now does the early morning fly
Begin his summer process
Of buzzing in our ears or eyes,
Or tickling our proboscis.
And he who morning naps would take
Is foiled whene'er he tries to;
He'll sadly find that he must wake
The same time that the flies do.
—[Seymour Democrat.

Proud of the Pensions.

The large sum of money which this government will pay out this year for pensions represents the gratitude and generosity of the nation to the soldiers who saved it. It is something to be proud of—the absolute proof that republics are not ungrateful.—[N. Y. Press.

CENSUS ODDITIES.

The country census enumerators, after some experience, are going to ask that the first question on the list be: "Have you got any dogs?"—[Washington Star.

Census enumerator (to the President)—What relationship do you bear to the head of the family? The President (innocently)—I'm its grandfather.—[Washington Star.

A Georgia editor apologizes for the scarcity of local news in his paper, and says: "We will have plenty of news next week, as we have taken a census contract, and we are on the inside track of every citizen in the county.—[Philadelphia Record.

The census takers in Philadelphia are not having or giving much trouble. Most of them are druggists who know a great deal about their neighbors and do not find it difficult to fill out the blanks when members of the families come in.—[Philadelphia Times.

Dr. Graff, of Eau Claire, who slammed the door in the face of the census man because he called at supper time, was wrong. He should have been more courteous and requested the enumerator to sit down, if not to sup, at least to wait until the doctor's appetite was sat

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1890.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 106,000.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss the Tariff fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the Pension Question; and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the Farmers' Interests, by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. **Write to us for campaign terms!**

A SPLENDID BOOK ALMOST A GIFT!

Every subscriber should call the attention of his friends to the remarkable offer made in the Publishers' Column, on 5th page, under the head, "Nasby in Exile." Read it over carefully, and you will see it is an offer you should accept, and should also bring to the notice of all your friends. The books are going rapidly under this offer.

TACTICS ON SILVER.

The struggle in the House last week was a battle on parliamentary tactics. The silver men of the House desired to force an immediate vote of concurrence in the Senate silver bill; their opponents desired its reference to a committee in order that the House might have a chance to hear from the country, as the Senate's action was entirely unexpected to every one. The technical point was whether Speaker REED had referred the bill to the proper committee. It may be remarked that the Speaker's power to order a reference, in the case of a bill amended by the Senate coming back to the House, is absolutely unquestioned. The Speaker had referred it to the committee on Coinage; the silver men desired to have this reference stricken out of the journal—which would leave the measure before that committee and render a vote at once possible. In order to do this, the plea was made that it should have been referred to the committee on Banking and Currency. It was an exciting battle, and ended on Saturday in a vote of the House sustaining the Speaker in his reference of the Senate silver bill to the Coinage committee.

TARIFF REDUCTION UNDER THE M'KINLEY BILL.

One would suppose, to read free trade journals, that the McKinley bill largely increases the tariff rates. The fact is that it will reduce the average rate of duty, which under it will be only about 27 per cent.

One would also suppose that it imposes a duty on almost every imported article. The fact is that under it half our imports will be on the free list, and the number of articles on the free list of the Mills bill was 10 per cent less than by the McKinley bill.

Before 1820, hardly any imports were free; in 1824, less than 6 per cent were free; in 1830, about 7 per cent; in 1833, about 25 per cent; in 1842, about 27 per cent; under the much-talked-of low tariff of 1846, only 12 per cent; under the "war tariff" of 1861, 18 per cent; in 1883, 30 per cent; under the tariff law passed that year, 33 per cent; and now the McKinley bill will put 50 per cent. of our imports on the free list.

THOSE Democratic statesmen who deny that England pays to her steamship companies any money except "for carrying the mails," should ponder upon an article in the London *Times* by Mr. BADEN-POWELL, who referring to the English subsidies to the Peninsular and Oriental and Canadian Pacific steamers, aggregating £1,000,000 annually, says, "by means of which English steam lines will be established in the Pacific and English trade thus obtain the command of that great area of the world." It would be wise for us to pursue the same policy.

THE parish of West Feliciana, Louisiana (counties in Louisiana are called "parishes"), is the first locality to make a complete census return. According to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the figures for the last and the present census are:

	1880.	1890.
Whites	2,287	2,178
Blacks	10,523	12,367

The white population has decreased 109, and the black increased 1,844—a decrease of 4 per cent in the whites, and an increase of 17 per cent in the negroes.

THERE is one thing the Ohio Republican state convention should not fail to do at its Cleveland meeting—and that is to reaffirm the third resolution in the platform of 1889, which is as follows:

That we favor the passage by Congress at its next session of a proper and equitable service pension bill for all honorably discharged Union soldiers and seamen of the late war.

The party in Ohio to-day thus stands pledged to the support of service pensions, and it must maintain that position.

BEER-DRINKING appears to be on the wane in Massachusetts. The "Brewers' Handbook" states that the state consumed during the year ending April 30 last only 953,467 barrels of beer as against 1,017,191 barrels during the preceding year. Here is a falling off of 63,724 barrels.

PROSPERITY IN NEBRASKA.

WE have recieved, from various friends in Nebraska, copies of a pamphlet entitled "Prosperity, and How to Obtain It," which appears to have been widely circulated in that state, though ostensibly written as an appeal to the people o Kansas. The advice this little bundle of falsehoods gives for obtaining prosperity is to avoid Prohibition and nourish the Rum traffic. Its 36 pages are packed with mistatements, false reasoning, and appeals to the supposed selfishness of the farmers. We can not take the space to go through it and point these out separately, nor is it necessary to do so. A few samples of the more important will suffice for any honest, intelligent reader.

The article on the first two pages, headed "Prosperity," is addressed to Kansans. It declares that all Kansans are "hard up;" that this is because the farmer has no home market for his produce; that this, in turn, is because there is but little emigration to Kansas and that, within the past year, Kansas "has lost over 53,000 of her population!" And the ultimate reason given for all this is—Prohibition! It says:

> People are exceedingly sensitive upon some subjects, and rightly jealous of any encroachment upon what they deem their personal rights.

Of course the right to get drunk and spend money for Rum is the "personal right" which is here meant. It occurs to us that the Kansas people must suddenly have grown sensitive, for Prohibition has been in force for a number of years, and the state has now a much greater population and is much wealthier than when it was first adopted.

The entire two pages are composed of false reasoning. Kansas farmers are suffering from low prices, high freight rates, and the other ills that affect agriculture all over the West. There is nothing exceptional in their condition, nor is Prohibition in any wise to be considered the cause, directly or indirectly, of any ill they suffer. There has been some emigration to other states from Western Kansas, we are told, but we can not find that the liquor legislation is even remotely connected with it. The reason seems to be the irregularity of sufficient rainfall in that particular area, and the consequent uncertainty of a crop. Next follow several pages devoted to extracts from newspapers hostile to Prohibition; next come a number of pages devoted to the "views of prominent men"—of course against Prohibition, or expressing abstract views on government which can be twisted into an application hostile to Prohibitory laws, etc. A list of high tax-rates in cities of Prohibition states is given, the assumption being that they are due entirely to Prohibition, which they are not. The tax rate in the city of New York, notorious for its enormous liquor traffic, is greater than most of them; and we can pick out, in an hour's time, thrice that number of towns a cities in states which have not Prohibition, in which the tax-rate is equal to or greater than those in the list given. They are printed to scare rural voters, who are ignorant of the general rate of taxation in growing cities, where the paving of new streets, erection of water-works, public buildings, etc., cause a high tax-rate.

A number of other newspaper extracts and short articles follow, all hostile to Prohibition, and all containing misstatements, or recapitulating stale and exploded Rum arguments. The closing page has a little table which shows how facts may be used so as to convey an erroneous conclusion. It shows the per cent. of increase of population shown by each census, from 1800 to 1880. Only eleven states are given—Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine.

New Hampshire and Maine are the Prohibition states, and because their per cent of increase within the past two decades is very small, it is assumed that Prohibition is responsible for this. There is no foundation for the assumption. Vermont shows a less growth than New Hampshire; and these two states, with Maine, have suffered, as all the older states have, from emigration to the West, where a more fertile soil gives far greater returns for the same labor than do the sterile hills of these states.

To attribute this drift of population westward from Maine and New Hampshire to Prohibition is to use that fallacy in logic in which, as one thing happens after another thing, the first is supposed to be the direct consequence of the second. This trick can not succeed with any but an ignorant person, of course, and we doubt if it will be effective with the intelligent farmers of Nebraska.

It stands to reason that not a saloon in Nebraska would exist if it had not patronage enough to make it profitable to its keeper. What amount of money is spent annually over the bars of all Nebraska saloons we have no means of knowing; but that aggregate must be a very large sum. Now, it can not be disputed that if this money were saved, by the closing of the saloons through Prohibition, it would be spent for groceries and food, for clothing, for boots and shoes, for furniture, for improvements on farms or houses, for paying debts, etc., and thus this much be added to the legitimate business of every community. Leaving out of the question the grave moral issues involved—the decrease of vice and crime and poverty, the greater thrift and prosperity of a people who have no waste of their substance through its expenditure for Rum, the economic value of Prohibition alone should lead every citizen of Nebraska to vote for the Amendment, in order to close the saloons, abolish the Rum traffic, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

> The census of 1880 and that of 1890 were both intrusted to the Republican party managers. The first was a lamentable failure, and the second promises to be likewise.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Specifications, please. It is an old-time Democratic trick to grumble and find fault. We want to have the bill of particulars. What one thing is there which, to the mind of any reasonable, fair-minded citizen, shows that the census promises to be a "lamentable failure?"

THE Republican Congress must deal justly and liberally by the soldiers, all of them, says the Kenton *Republican*. BENJAMIN HARRISON was elected President as against GROVER CLEVELAND, because it was expected that a Republican administration would be more just and liberal to the soldiers.

BILL SCOTT, the coal baron, the free trade magnate, and the close friend of GROVER CLEVELAND, has been nominated for Congress in the Erie, Pa., district. Now let the workingmen show their power in his defeat.

MR. REED is a hard man to bluff, and the Democrats found him so the past week.

☞ *We will gladly send sample copies of The Blade free to any one. Send us in lists of names of your neighbors and friends who are not subscribers, that we may mail them samples.*

FARMERS' ILLS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR RELIEF?

The Blade Desires to Hear From the Farmers Themselves Upon the Subject of Their Troubles.

There is a great deal of distress among the farmers of the country. The prices of their products is low, and many of them find it not only impossible to make any profit, but actually to meet their expenses. Many have mortgages on their farms, and find it impossible to lift them. There has been a great deal of wild talk on the general subject for several months past, and THE BLADE would like to know the truth.

We recognize the fact that agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and that unless the farmers than to Americans, either at wholesale or retail.

There *may* be small manufacturers who put up cheap and trashy articles solely for the export trade—who do not undertake to put them on our own market, because of their inferiority—who can be used as stool-pigeons for the free traders, and who have been induced to make up price-lists in which the "export price" is given lower than the alleged "home price," because they have no sales at home. We say, this *may* be; we do not know that it is; but we do know that there are some small firms in the East which manufacture, entirely for the foreign trade, cheap and inferior articles.

But this is *not* true of any respectable manufacturer, whose name and business reputation are considered of value. We find in the Chicago Daily *Inter-Ocean*, quoted from the *Farm Implement News*, a trade journal devoted to agricultural machinery, the following summary of the retail prices of leading farm machines, in the United States and in European countries. It will repay perusal:

Twine binders, standard size, retail price: United States, about $145; England, $225; France, $240; Italy, Spain, etc., still higher.

Mowers, standard size: United States, about $50; England, $70 to $80; France, $80 to $90.

Sulky rakes: United States, $18 to $25; France, $40 to $60.

Hay presses, steam power: United States, $450; England, $750; France, $800.

Hay presses, horse power: United States, $285; France, $500; Argentine Republic, $500.

No. 40 Oliver plow, with wheel and jointer: United States, $14; England, $16 to $18.

Grain drills, nine hoe: United States, about $60; France and Italy, $140.

And the whole list might be gone through with like results. And we heartily agree with the three following generalizations which that paper makes:

> (1) Whatever the condition of the American farmer may be at present, it is preferable to the present condition of the farmer of any other country; and the prospective condition of our farmers is brighter than that of the farmers of any other country. (2) The American farmer enjoys lower freight rates than the farmer of any other country. And he alone has prospect of further reduction. (3) The American farmer buys most of his implements more cheap and better quality than the farmer of any other country. And he alone has speedy chance of still lower prices.

AS TO POLITICAL PARTIES.

In all governments "of the people by the people," there cannot be more than two effective political parties. A sudden issue may create a third party for a time; but it either fails in its contest for power, and dies out, or remains a factional and powerless fragment; or if it succeeds, it takes the place of one or the other of the original parties, and the fundamental division into two parties—that of the administration, and that of the opposition—is resumed. In the nature of things, there can be only two great parties in a nation; and wherever a third political party has been started, it has generally proved to be simply a tender to one of the main parties, so long as it has possessed any voting power worth cultivating.

Theories are very enticing things, but the hard facts of actual political history are far safer guides. There is always a sprinkling of men who yearn to pose as reformers. The present constitution of things does not suit them; they fancy themselves possessed of the wisdom to correct all things displeasing to them and have the egotism to imagine that when they point the way the voting multitude will flock therein, like docile sheep following a leader. When such persons find something in our political system which to their judgment needs reforming, or find an issue on which the two great parties of the country have not divided, their first effort is to start a new party.

This is a fundamental error. It is, as a rule, a short cut to assured failure in obtaining the result aimed at. In nine times out of ten, one of two things will be true; either the issue thus presented is one whose relations to the questions dividing the two great political parties are such that they will fall into supporting or opposing it on party lines; or it will not attract enough general attention to cut any figure, and the new "party" gradually disintegrates, the individual units gravitating to their former political affiliations.

The true method, then, for those who wish to take advanced ground on any political topic, or to make an issue of some question upon which party lines are not drawn, is not to set out to build a new party *de novo*, but to remain within one or the other of the old parties, and endeavor to bring a majority of it over to their views. If success is to be attained at all, that is the easiest way; and it may be set down as a certainty that if that can not be done, a third party scheme would be still less successful. The fact must not be forgotten that the great mass of people are not inclined to desert their regular political affiliations to jump into a new party; while they may be favorably inclined to the abstract idea of the new issue, they are hostile to the new party which aims to put it into concrete form. Experience has proved this, time and again; and while it may be said this should not be so, the fact remains that it *is* so, and until human nature changes very much, will continue so until the millennium dawns.

SURGEON GENERAL HAMILTON does not fear that the cholera will get a foothold in this country, but he intimates that extra caution and watchfulness will be required to prevent its introduction, either by the continental lines or from Cuba. In this connection it may be well to again call the attention of the health authorities to the necessity of renewed activity in requiring the observance of all sanitary regulations, in order that if the disease should pay the United States a visit, it may find no lodgment in this city.

A REASONABLE prediction as to the general results of the census now being taken is that the Eastern cities have gained largely and the Eastern states have lost; that the Middle states will also show a shrinkage; that the Western cities will have gained, but not to such an extent as has been anticipated; but that the Western states, especially those west of the Mississippi, have gained far beyond all expectation.

THE furious opposition to the "publicans' licensing" bill has induced the Tory government to withdraw the measure, and the beer shops will flourish as of yore in the slums of British cities.

ENGLISH VIEWS ON FREE TRADE.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S address, some time since, in which he admitted and deplored the decadence of free trade all over the world except in Great Britain, is still the subject of much comment on the part of leading English newspapers. They frankly admit, as a rule, its unpopularity in all other countries; and some of them acknowledge the steady growth of a protectionist sentiment in England itself. The Manchester *Examiner*, which is a paper of the highest standing, and representing the enormous manufacturing interest of that city, says:

> Free trade had, as Mr. Gladstone says, its period of struggle and its period of triumph. Is it true, as Mr. Gladstone alleges, that it now has entered upon a period of danger? Looking to the various movements on foot in this country and in others, most of us will be disposed to agree that the danger does exist.

The Manchester *Courier*, another very influential journal of that city, speaks still more frankly thus:

> Free trade destroys employment and lowers wages and our workmen are finding it out. They cannot be convinced that sending over their work to be done by foreigners will land them in an earthly paradise; the conviction dawns upon them that there is no work for them to do here they must leave this country or find shelter in the poor house.

And then the *Courier* goes on to dispute the argument that the free trade policy of England is a fixed fact, which cannot be interfered with, in this strong language:

> Don't let us argue that because certain political measures are irrevocable, therefore our commercial policy is irrevocable. Lord Melbourne said that the corn laws never could be repealed—just before they were repealed. * * * The "free trade science" was mere conjecture for years after its adoption, but much now is known, after bitter disappointment. The return (to protection) is certain, directly the people full see how they have been deluded.

It is well for the people of the United States to be informed of the fact that a leading journal in one of the greatest of English manufacturing centres admits that

> Free trade destroys employment,
> Free trade lowers wages,

And that the poor-house is the last resort of the English workingman, after a life spent in grinding toil.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

Read the splendid offer for this admirable picture, given in the Publishers' Column on the 5th page of this issue. Orders are steadily coming in under it, and the pictures going rapidly. We wish to close them out as soon as possible, and hope every one who has not the "Horse Fair" already will avail himself of it before they are all gone. Be particular to mention that you want the "Horse Fair."

THE McKinley tariff bill has been reported to the Senate without much change. The more important of these are: Internal revenue taxes remain the same as at present, the tobacco tax, which was removed by the House, being restored. The sugar bounty of the House bill is retained, the only change being that the benefits of the provision shall apply only where the planter makes 500 pounds or more annually. Works of art are taken from the free list and made dutiable at 30 per cent ad valorem. There are also some slight reductions in the wool and cotton schedules.

A PENNSYLVANIA woman recently committed suicide because her husband failed to kiss her when he went to work in the morning. If every married woman who is neglected in that manner should commit suicide the female surplus would soon be reduced. And in this case the parties had been married for twenty-four years and this was the first break in the osdulatory record that the husband had made. The bereaved man will probably bring up his second wife differently.

A TIN PLATE plant has been put in operation at McKeesport, Pa., in anticipation of the passage of the MCKINLEY tariff bill by the Senate. If this enterprise is successful it will soon succeed in rendering the United States independent of a foreign monopoly to which it has for years been paying an annual tribute of upward of twenty million dollars. This prospect will delight the friends of American industry and American labor as much as it will dismay the free traders.

THE directory men, using a large ratio, figure out that Kansas City has 210,000 inhabitants, while it is understood that the census enumeration makes it only 150,000. There will be a wild howl of execration and rage, the census enumerators will be abused without stint, and the usual senseless exhibition of local pride, business jealousy and general foolishness be made. All the same, the census figures will stand.

THE PRICES OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Letters of inquiry which reach THE BLADE from subscribers in different parts of the West, show that the old free trade lie, that American manufacturers sell articles—farm machinery being specially mentioned—cheaper to foreign dealers than they do those in this country, is again on its rounds, in an enlarged form. Not only is the general statement made, but lists of farm implements are given, with the "home price" and the alleged "export price" arranged in separate columns, the prices in the latter being much lower than those in the former.

These lists are absolute and unqualified falsehoods. They name agricultural implements of first-class makers, used all over the United States; and it was shown, in the campaign of 1888, when this lie was first sprung, that no standard article of American farm machinery, in general use among our own farmers, was sold or offered for sale at less prices to foreigners than to Americans, either at wholesale or retail.

There *may* be small manufacturers who put up cheap and trashy articles solely for the export trade—who do not undertake to put them on our own market, because of their inferiority—who can be used as stool-pigeons for the free traders, and who have been induced to make up price-lists in which the "export price" is given lower than the alleged "home price," because they have no sales at home. We say, this *may* be; we do not know that it is; but we do know that there are some small firms in the East which manufacture, entirely for the foreign trade, cheap and inferior articles.

But this is *not* true of any respectable manufacturer, whose name and business reputation are considered of value. We find in the Chicago Daily *Inter-Ocean*, quoted from the *Farm Implement News*, a trade journal devoted to agricultural machinery, the following summary of the retail prices of leading farm machines, in the United States and in European countries. It will repay perusal:

Twine binders, standard size, retail price: United States, about $145; England, $225; France, $240; Italy, Spain, etc., still higher.

Mowers, standard size: United States, about $50; England, $70 to $80; France, $80 to $90.

Sulky rakes: United States, $18 to $25; France, $40 to $60.

Hay presses, steam power: United States, $450; England, $750; France, $800.

Hay presses, horse power: United States, $285; France, $500; Argentine Republic, $500.

No. 40 Oliver plow, with wheel and jointer: United States, $14; England, $16 to $18.

Grain drills, nine hoe: United States, about $60; France and Italy, $140.

And the whole list might be gone through with like results. And we heartily agree with the three following generalizations which that paper makes:

> (1) Whatever the condition of the American farmer may be at present, it is preferable to the present condition of the farmer of any other country; and the prospective condition of our farmers is brighter than that of the farmers of any other country. (2) The American farmer enjoys lower freight rates than the farmer of any other country. And he alone has prospect of further reduction. (3) The American farmer buys most of his implements more cheap and better quality than the farmer of any other country. And he alone has speedy chance of still lower prices.

AS TO POLITICAL PARTIES.

In all governments "of the people by the people," there cannot be more than two effective political parties. A sudden issue may create a third party for a time; but it either fails in its contest for power, and dies out, or remains a factional and powerless fragment; or if it succeeds, it takes the place of one or the other of the original parties, and the fundamental division into two parties—that of the administration, and that of the opposition—is resumed. In the nature of things, there can be only two great parties in a nation; and wherever a third political party has been started, it has generally proved to be simply a tender to one of the main parties, so long as it has possessed any voting power worth cultivating.

Theories are very enticing things, but the hard facts of actual political history are far safer guides. There is always a sprinkling of men who yearn to pose as reformers. The present constitution of things does not suit them; they fancy themselves possessed of the wisdom to correct all things displeasing to them and have the egotism to imagine that when they point the way the voting multitude will flock therein, like docile sheep following a leader. When such persons find something in our political system which to their judgment needs reforming, or find an issue on which the two great parties of the country have not divided, their first effort is to start a new party.

This is a fundamental error. It is, as a rule, a short cut to assured failure in obtaining the result aimed at. In nine times out of ten, one of two things will be true; either the issue thus presented is one whose relations to the questions dividing the two great political parties are such that they will fall into supporting or opposing it on party lines; or it will not attract enough general attention to cut any figure, and the new "party" gradually disintegrates, the individual units gravitating to their former political affiliations.

The true method, then, for those who wish to take advanced ground on any political topic, or to make an issue of some question upon which party lines are not drawn, is not to set out to build a new party *de novo*, but to remain within one or the other of the old parties, and endeavor to bring a majority of it over to their views. If success is to be attained at all, that is the easiest way; and it may be set down as a certainty that if that can not be done, a third party scheme would be still less successful. The fact must not be forgotten that the great mass of people are not inclined to desert their regular political affiliations to jump into a new party; while they may be favorably inclined to the abstract idea of the new issue, they are hostile to the new party which aims to put it into concrete form. Experience has proved this, time and again; and while it may be said this should not be so, the fact remains that it *is* so, and until human nature changes very much, will continue so until the millennium dawns.

SURGEON GENERAL HAMILTON does not fear that the cholera will get a foothold in this country, but he intimates that extra caution and watchfulness will be required to prevent its introduction, either by the continental lines or from Cuba. In this connection it may be well to again call the attention of the health authorities to the necessity of renewed activity in requiring the observance of all sanitary regulations, in order that if the disease should pay the United States a visit, it may find no lodgment in this city.

A REASONABLE prediction as to the general results of the census now being taken is that the Eastern cities have gained largely and the Eastern states have lost; that the Middle states will also show a shrinkage; that the Western cities will have gained, but not to such an extent as has been anticipated; but that the Western states, especially those west of the Mississippi, have gained far beyond all expectation.

THE furious opposition to the "publicans' licensing" bill has induced the Tory government to withdraw the measure, and the beer shops will flourish as of yore in the slums of British cities.

FEDERAL CONTROL FOR FEDERAL ELECTIONS.

Although the Democratic papers have been asserting with one voice that the present Congress would not pass a law for the control of federal elections in the states, because the Republicans could not agree upon a measure, the fact, to all appearances, will show them to be wrong. The probability increases as time goes on that such a law will be passed, and that it will be in operation at the Congressional elections this fall.

The last decennial apportionment of Representatives gives one to every 151,912 persons. The generally accepted ratio is one voter to every five persons—that is, there is an average of one male citizen over 21 to four women and minors. Hence the average vote cast for Representatives is normally 30,382.

At the late Congressional election in Oregon, the total vote for Representative was 54,266. At the Congressional election of 1888, the average vote for Congress in each of the thirteen districts of Indiana was 35,537; in Kansas the average vote in each of the seven districts was 38,795.

At the same election in Georgia, the average vote to each of the ten Congressional districts was 2,747; or to group together South Carolina, Mississippi, Georgia and Louisiana, the average of the thirty districts was 8,343.

These figures are eloquent. They show the injustice done the voters of every state where there is a fair ballot and an honest count, without intimidation, by the political methods in vogue in the South. In the ten Georgia districts, 27,475 voters elected ten Representatives, while 54,266 Oregon voters have but one. The 250,311 voters in the four Southern states named elected 30 Representatives, while the 271,571 voters of Kansas elected but seven, and the 461,987 voters of Indiana elected but thirteen!

The political system in the South is a greater injustice to the voters of the Northern states than it is to the voters within their own limits whose rights as citizens are practically denied them. Honest elections are a necessity. We are willing to bow to the will of the majority, even though its verdict be against our own party; but we protest against a Congress whose House is elected by a minority, or a President chosen in the same way.

The condition of the South is that of the small boy who desired to eat his cake and yet have it. They want to have only the white vote, and yet to retain the power in the federal Congress and electoral college the negro enumeration gives them. If these states wish the disfranchisement of a class of voters, let them pass laws which will accomplish it; it is possible to do this, even with the Fifteenth Amendment in force. Then let them accept the reduction of their representation in Congress and the electoral college which this will make. Then no political injustice will be wrought on other states. But, as no steps are taken in this direction, Congress should, in the interests of the other states, provide for honest elections for federal purposes. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall!"

SOBER MEN ON RAILROADS.

The Baltimore & Ohio railroad company has just sent to every minor official a circular note, of which the following is the leading part:

> This company will not, under any circumstances, employ men who are in the habit of becoming intoxicated. All employes known to frequent drinking places must be warned to discontinue the practice or quit the company's service. Employes will be discharged if intoxicated either on or off duty. No person discharged for intoxication will be re-employed.

The principle on which this order is based is sound. A railway company is a common carrier, and legally accountable for the safety of property or persons transported over its lines. A drunken employe may unintentionally send a train to destruction by a misplaced switch or a wrong signal, and awful loss of life result, to say nothing of tens of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable freight, and the engines and cars themselves. A man who is in the habit of becoming intoxicated is a risky employe. Then, too, the provision that a man must not frequent drinking places is a wise one—for he is in danger of being tempted to drink too much every time he is in such a place, owing to the stupid habit of "treating." It makes a distinct advance in temperance when one of our great corporations takes a stand like this. It will be followed in course of time by all other railroads, and the practice will extend to all manufacturing and other establishments, until the man who drinks will find all the more common avenues of employment closed to him.

THE policy of Great Britain toward Newfoundland is the same that she pursued toward the United States when we were her dependent colonies. When the Newfoundlanders were in a starving condition, petitions for relief were sent to the colonial secretary, but, owing to the government's dilatory action, relief was not sent until ice effectually blocked the way of the steamer. When, however, the exasperated colonists refused to pay duties on their imports to a government that refused them protection, British gunboats were ordered to the spot. The probable loss of revenue was a more urgent subject for promptness than the probable loss of life. And yet the mother country expects to hold the love and loyalty of its North American subjects.

IT is idle for those cities that are disappointed in the result of counting their population to charge the census enumerators with wilfully neglecting to count any of the inhabitants. These enumerators only receive pay for the people whom they enumerate, and it is natural to infer that they would desire to secure as large a compensation as possible. The fact is that many cities that have been prosperous in the last decade have had an exaggerated idea of their increase in population, and now when confronted by the cold figures of fact they are chagrined to find how greatly they have over-estimated their own importance.

THIS is usually spoken of as an "off year" in politics. It should be remembered, however, that congressmen are to be chosen, and Republicans should understand the importance of increasing the present party majority in the House of Representatives. Nothing but earnest, persistent work can accomplish this. Every Republican should do his duty.

WHEN the ex-rebels and copperheads contemplate the pension appropriations they sorrowfully confess that the "lost cause" was frightfully expensive, says the Piqua, O., *Dispatch*. The patriotic people of the nation also feel that it is expensive, but that value received is worth more than all it cost. Let the sacred debt be paid.

CHOLERA seems to be firmly established in Spain, and to spreading rapidly. If it assumes epidemic form, it is too much to hope that it will not cross the Atlantic. An ounce of prevention is worth several pounds of cure, and the active use of sanitary precautions can not be begun here too soon.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

VETERANS IN POOR-HOUSES.

We call the attention of our readers to the exhibit given in answer to a querist in the Question Bureau, on the 7th page of to-day's issue, regarding the number of Union veterans in poor-houses and in National Military Homes. It is the latest official tabulation by the authorities. The second column embraces not only those in poor-houses, but those who are dependent on public charity for support in any way; but it is estimated that something like three-fourths of the total of this column are the inmates of poor-houses.

IT is a shame, a disgrace to the nation, that any man who ever fought under its banner and received an honorable discharge should be compelled to become a pauper; the patriotism of the country should have been too strong to have ever permitted it. And it is a matter of sincere congratulation on the part of every American who is sensitive for the nation's honor that the disability bill will wipe this stain away.

Every soldier or sailor now in a poor-house, or a Soldiers' Home, or who receives public alms in any manner, will be relieved by the provision which puts upon the pension rolls all who are disabled, wholly or partly, from earning their own support, giving them from $6 to $12 a month, according to the degree that they are disabled from earning their own living. The soldier's disability is to be measured by his capacity to do as much manual labor as a healthy, able-bodied man can do. If he is unable to do as much, it is "disability" within the meaning of the law.

Every one will rejoice in the provision of this law which pensions every one who is now the widow of a soldier, or who shall hereafter become so—provided they were married before this law was enacted. All that each has to do is to give proof of marriage, of the honorable discharge of the husband, that he had served at least 90 days, of his death, and that she is dependent upon her own labor for support. If she has a child or children under 16 years of age, she will receive $2 per month for each child until it reaches this age; and she does not have to show that her husband's death was in any manner connected with his army service.

For these reasons, the passage of this law is to be commended heartily. It is not a finality in pension legislation, nor does it nor will it interfere with the completion of the work of doing full justice to every man who wore the blue honorably. It clears the way, by removing the plea that the veterans who are "paupers in poor-houses" must be cared for first; that is now done, and this subterfuge is now swept away. With the dependent ones, the widows and their children taken care of, the way is open for a square fight for the service pension idea.

MODES OF CHOOSING SENATORS.

It has been the fashion for some time with many people in this country to find fault with the United States Senate. It is asserted, in a recent newspaper article by Representative HENDERSON, of Illinois, that "the Senate does not now commonly reflect the will and wishes of the several states." The charge is made that in some states "none but millionaires are eligible to the Senate," the implication being that the state legislatures are purchasable and purchased; and Mr. HENDERSON closes with this ponderous remark:

> In a democratic government like ours an undemocratic, if not aristocratic, body like the American Senate has outlived its usefulness, and I believe the United States will demand that the mode of election of the senators shall be taken away from the legislatures and given to the people of the states.

The above sounds impressive, but it is false in reasoning, and hence its conclusions are invalid. If legislatures are corrupt, whose fault is it? Manifestly that of the people who elect them. Each member of that body is selected by the people of a comparatively small section of the state; the citizens should be able to make choice of men who are competent, capable and honest. If they do not, and if this failure extends to the selection of a majority of the legislature, what assurance can there be that the people would make any better selection of an United States Senator than it is assumed they make in electing a legislature?

Nor is the general charge as to the corruptness of state legislatures true. There have been venal majorities chosen to such bodies, but under exceptional conditions. The infamous "Coal Oil" legislature of Ohio, for example, was elected during the temperance agitation following the enactment of the Scott law. The liquor interest, pampered by thirty odd years of "free whisky," rebelled at an attempt to make it bear a small burden of taxation. The Democratic leaders, always willing to affiliate with any class in order to obtain power, fraternized with the whisky men, and the character of the men nominated for legislative positions was lost sight of in the agitation. With every element that was directly or remotely interested in the traffic at a white heat of excitement, and the extreme temperance people abandoning the Republican party because it had not committed itself to prohibition, and consequently throwing their votes away on the third party ticket, the Democrats swept into power and elected a majority in the General Assembly, which auctioned off the Senatorship in the Payne interest. But had the people of the state, at that election, had to choose a United States Senator, who will say that they would have made a better choice? But such cases as this are the exception, not the rule; the high character of the men composing the greater part of the United States Senate proves this.

Aside from this, those profound people, like the writer of the above extract, who imagine grumbling is accepted as an evidence of superior wisdom, do not understand the principle underlying the constitutional provision for the selection of Senators by the legislature. The Senate is intended to be the conservative element in the government; its members are given a six-years' term, and their selection is kept out of the hands of the people in order to render them independent of sudden and unreasoning, and hence temporary, changes in popular opinion. The senators represent the state as an organic whole; the Representatives, the people direct.

Probably our present system is imperfect; human institutions generally are so. But is the scheme of the direct election of Senators by the people any more perfect, any safer, any better in even one respect? Unless a better reason can be given than assigned above, we think a change of very doubtful expediency. Is not the real remedy for the ills complained of to be found in a reform among the people themselves? If they can not be trusted, as the writer of the above assumes, to elect a legislature above the suspicion of venality, would it not be better to quicken their intelligent judgment than to tinker the constitution?

OUR new navy is doing many surprising things, not the least of which is the record of a mile in two minutes and three seconds made by the torpedo boat Cushing. The navy will be one to be proud of yet.

OUR NEW STORY.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we will shortly begin publishing in THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE'S readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first instalment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

"ANDERSONVILLE" NEARLY GONE.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 1,000 copies. Therefore, but 300 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone. *And we will not reprint the book.*

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BLAINE ON THE TARIFF.

The New York *Herald* exploited a political sensation on Saturday, and the substance of it was sent out by special correspondents to papers all over the country, to the effect that Secretary BLAINE in a talk with the Ways and Means committee of the House, made a severe attack on the McKinley tariff bill, and expressed views of decided hostility to a protective tariff in general.

This dispatch has already been made the subject of tremendous jubilation by the free trade papers. They are claiming that "the administration is hostile to the tariff," and saying other silly things of the sort which are only warranted by the hot weather. The truth of the matter

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

ORGANIZED.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations.

Perryton Camp, No. 3 of Ohio.

PERRYTON, OHIO.——Congressional district; organized June 18, 1890; 21 members.
Commandant—A. J. Baker, Perryton, Ohio.
Vice Commandant—G. W. Anderson.
Adjutant—J. W. Willey, Perryton, Ohio.

Mendon Camp, No. 4 of Ohio.

MENDON, OHIO.——Congressional district; organized June 16, 1890; —— members.
Commandant—J. B. Heppeard, Mendon, Ohio.
Vice Commandant—J. J. Phillips.
Adjutant—T. W. Murlin, Mendon, Ohio.
Quartermaster—Warren Barber.

Hamden Junction Camp, No. 5 of Ohio.

HAMDEN JUNCTION, Vinton Co., Ohio.——Congressional district; organized June 21, 1890; 33 members.
Commandant—P. M. Ruck, Hamden Junction, Ohio.
Vice Commandant—J. B. Taylor.
Adjutant—J. B. Taylor, Hamden Junction, Ohio.
Quarlermaster—A. Livingston.

Marvin Camp, No. 1 of Kansas.

MARVIN, Phillips Co., Kansas.—Sixth Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; 14 members.
Commandant—Henry Vincent, Marvin, Kan.
Vice Commandant—M. B. Colby.
Adjutant—Charles Raef, Marvin, Kan.

St. Francis Camp, No. 2 of Kansas.

ST. FRANCIS, Cheyenne Co., Kan.—Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; 109 members.
Commandant—J. W. Miller, St. Francis, Kan.
Vice Commandant—J. M. Howell.
Adjutant—George Lawless, St. Francis, Kan.

Redfield Camp, No. 1 of South Dakota.

Redfield, Spink county, South Dakota; —— Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; —— members.
Commandant—Harvey Payne, Redfield, South Dakota.
Vice Commandant—C. S. Warren.
Adjutant—William Plackett, Redfield, South Dakota.

Chevaux de Frise Camp, No. 1 of W. Va.

Chevaux de Frise, Ritchie county, West Virginia; Fourth Congressional district; organized June 16, 1890; 16 members.
Commandant—D. W. Cox, Ritchie C. H., Ritchie county, West Virginia.
Vice Commandant—Conrad Metheney.
Adjutant—John A. Hall, Ritchie C. H., Ritchie county, West Virginia.

Tipton Camp, No. 1 of Tennessee.

Tipton, Tipton Co., Tenn., 10th Congressional district, organized June, 1890, 17 members.
Commandant—Daniel Hill, Tabernacle, Tipton Co., Tenn.
Vice Commandant—C. H. Boyd.
Adjutant—John W. Jordan, Mason, Tipton Co., Tenn.
Quartermaster—Amos Hill.

Trinidad Camp, No. 1 of Colorado.

TRINIDAD, COLORADO.— — Congressional district; organized June 18, 1890; 68 members.
Commandant—J. M. Butler.

We have notices of several other organizations, but the adjutants have failed to send us a list of officers, number of members, date of organization, and number of Congressional district. Will they have the kindness to promptly report, that they may be added to the list?

Steadily Growing.

The U. S. P. A. is thriving. It is a very healthy infant, and its growth, even now, is a marvel, and it promises to develop rapidly into a giant, whose strength in a just and righteous cause none can resist.

All that is needed to promote that growth is that comrades will take the little trouble needed to start the Association in their respective localities. Men are ready to sign the pledge, ready to attend meetings, ready to work together intelligently to compass its purposes. Who will start the work in each locality?

Send for blank pledges, and a bundle of copies of THE BLADE, containing the Plan of Organization. A reading of the U. S. P. A. articles on the fifth page is all that is needed to enable any one to understand its comprehensive scope, the simplicity of its organization, its effective mode of reaching its ends by proper, just and honorable methods. And every fair-minded man who favors service pensions is willing to join, and aid in the effort to secure them.

We repeat, what is needed is a frank taking hold of the work; a few hours spent in distributing the paper containing the Plan of Organization, in asking signatures to the pledge of the association, will give enough signers to organize a camp. Once organized, the Recruiting Committee will rapidly augment the membership of that particular Camp, and the Extension Committee will extend it to neighboring localities, establishing new Camps in contiguous territory.

Organize! *Organize!* ORGANIZE!!

WHAT THE COMRADES SAY

Of the Ease With Which a Camp can be Formed—The Actual Proof.

To show how easy it is to secure signatures to the Union Pension Association pledge, and to organize a Camp of the Association, we append extracts from a few letters from comrades who have tried it:

Secured at Odd Hours.

MENDON, O., June 16.—Comrade J. J. Phillips, of this place, secured a membership of 85 to the U. S. P. A. in a few days at odd times, and has perfected an association [given above.] This seems to us the most feasible plan ever agitated and we hope the same idea may thoroughly permeate every voting precinct in the government. Yours for the soldiers,—T. W. MURLIN, Adjt.

Only Two Days.

ST. FRANCIS, KAN., June 16.—Your blank pledges were received by Mr. A. M. Brenaman on Thursday, and on Saturday we organized the St. Francis U. S. P. A. with 109 members. People here are unanimously and enthusiastically in favor of service pensions, and in less than a month we will enroll nearly every voter in this (Cheyenne) county.

The west is the home of the old soldiers, and we know what is to their interest is to our interest.

We recognize the justice of the soldiers' demands, and insit that although it is a little late those demands must be respected. In spite of the speedy fruition of service pension, I am, yours to commands—GEORGE LAWLESS, Adjt.

Comrade Brenaman, who started the movement in St. Francis, also writes:

The signers were all gotten up in two days. Everybody here seems to be aroused to the necessity of paying tribute to the old soldiers who fought to save the Union. Let it be remembered that Kansas will elect no man to Congress this year who will not obligate himself to work and vote for a service pension bill. Kansas believes in honoring those who honored Kansas. Permit us to say further that our present delegation in Congress should look well to their laurels and enact such legislation as will be useful and beneficial to their constituents.

Citizens Will Co-operate.

MINGO, O., June 16.—Enclosed find U. S. P. A. blank signed by twelve old soldiers. Our citizen voters are in sympathy with us, and will assist in raising a large camp.—J. R. M.

Evidently Easy Work.

NEWARK, O., June 14.—I have done a little in the way of getting names to the pledge for an U. S. P. A., and have secured twenty signers and will organize Monday evening next.—W. H. L.

Booming Right Along.

HAMMOND, WIS., June 19.—I received the blank pledges and papers all right. I started the pledges right out, and have secured about 75 names. We shall proceed to organize at once, and trust that we shall be able to make ourselves felt.

The disposition seems to entirely ignore the old soldier in places under the government be perilled life and limb to save, and the places he might fill is given out to the young bloods, while the old veteran vainly asks for a small pension to eke out a livelihood. I believe if the soldier is the equal of the civilian in point of ability, he should be preferred in governmental service. Yours for the right—W. J. E.

What Political Leaders Have Said on the Pension Question.

A service pension means that every honorably discharged soldier shall be put on the pension rolls—a minimum pension rate (say $8 per month) being established for all who served up to a certain limit, and that those who served longer shall have an increase, in proportion to the length of time served beyond the limit; and that all widows and all minor children under 16 years shall be suitably pensioned, irrespective of the cause of the husband or father's death.

One of the arguments for a service pension is that the soldiers were paid in greenbacks, which they had to take ta their face value; that the $13 per month they were to receive was thus cut down in purchasing power; and that a service pension would restore to them, now when the mass of them need it the most, the loss they were compelled to stand from the depreciation of greenbacks. Senator JOHN SHERMAN, of Ohio, in a speech in the Senate, during the debate on the bill to grant service pensions to the survivors of the War of 1812, printed in the Congressional *Globe* of February 3, 1871, thus spoke of the application of this principle in granting the survivors of the Revolution a service pension:

The ground upon which the general pension law of 1832 was passed, was, first, that the soldiers of the Revolutionary war had never been paid according to law; that they had received paper money which was itself repudiated during the war, and consequently all the promises made to them during the war had been violated.

Again it was claimed in regard to those soldiers who had never been paid, that money was lying idle in the treasury. At that time there were plus an accumulation.

The case of the Revolutionary veterans, and of the veterans of the War of 1812, whose cause Mr. SHERMAN was then pleading, is exactly paralleled by the case of the veterans of the Rebellion to-day. If this was a good reason for a service pension in 1832, why is it not a good reason for service pensions in 1890?

The Democratic party, as a party, is hostile to the service pension idea; and its party organs, especially in the East and South, are bitterly opposing it, and, in fact, all pension legislation. They howl over the "looting of the treasury," and are endeavoring to create a sentiment hostile to pension payments. But thousands of honest Democrats favor service pension, and a few of the better class of Democratic leaders are not hostile to it. In the debate in the Senate on the bill to grant service pensions to the survivors of the war of 1812, and on the same day that Mr. SHERMAN used the words quoted above, ALLEN G. THURMAN, then a Senator from Ohio, made the following argument in favor of that bill, which may be found in the Congressional *Globe* of February 3, 1871:

It might be very well questioned how far we have the right to bestow charity in this wholesale manner to the soldiers of the war of 1812.

The true ground upon which this bill must stand is that this is a proper recognition by the government of the services of these men; the men who fought our battles, whether they be paupers or not, they are equally entitled to this recognition of their services.

I do not think that this bill should stand as a pauper bill. I do not think that it should be put upon the ground as a pauper bill. It should be put upon the ground that it is a recognition of the services of these men by giving them a compensation to which, it is true they are not legally entitled, but which it is not only generous but just for us to make.

That argument applies as perfectly, as completely, to the case of the survivors of the Union armies of the Rebellion to-day as it did in 1871 to the survivors of the war of 1812. The service pension bill for which the broken-down veterans of the Union army and their friends are pleading, is eminently "a proper recognition" of the hardships and sufferings they endured, of the value of their services in the preservation of the Union, and of the fact that every one of them who served three years in the field, has had his period of active life, his span of existence, in fact, shortened by at least ten years! That is the verdict of the highest medical authority.

ALLEN G. THURMAN is a Democrat, and we do not know whether he is willing today to champion the cause of service pensions with the splendid argument he used in 1871; but if he ever follows his party's dictation in publicly opposing that cause, the above quotation will confront him, and convict him of insincerity.

However much Republicans may differ among themselves as to the closing acts of the political career of ROSCOE CONKLING, the famed Senator from New York, all will unite in paying tribute to his patriotism, and his regard for the men who preserved the nation. In the last year of his Congressional service—only about a month before the inauguration of the lamented GARFIELD—he uttered the following words in the Senate, which are reported in the *Congressional Record* of February 8, 1881:

In one way or the other, either as the wards of the nation relying upon the benevolence of the nation, which I deny, or as the creditors of the nation, appealing to the justice of the nation, which I affirm, great bodies of crippled men, smitten woman and orphaned children have meritorious and well-earned claims upon the government.

So to-day we affirm, with CONKLING, that the soldiers of the Union have not yet received the full measure of justice to which they are entitled, and that their claim upon the government is "meritorious and well-earned."

In the day of the nation's peril, when men to fight her battles were urgently needed, all the older men and women of the country can distinctly recall the patriotic promises made to the volunteers of caring for their wives and families and other dependent ones, and of what would be done for themselves as a reward for their gallantry. No one has better expressed this than President HARRISON, when a United States Senator from Indiana, in a speech in the Senate, reported in the *Congressional Record* of February 9, 1882:

We are getting away from the scenes of the war. The circumstances under which those brave men were called from their homes to repel, to crush, to destroy the national life have passed into history. The notes which called them to their places in the ranks of our regiments have faded from the ear. But for one I never can forget the enthusiasm with which the enlistment of those volunteers was every where received; and the liberal and profuse promises which were made to them for the maintainance of their families and the liberal and kindly treatment of those who might survive.

That these promises were made—made everywhere that recruiting was going on—made in every city, town and hamlet of the loyal states—made by leading citizens, made by political orators, made by men holding high official positions in state and nation, made by generals and other military officers, made in speeches in Congress, and accepted and believed in because they were the universal voice of those in authority and of the nation itself. The time has come for the fulfillment of at least a part of those promises; and the fulfillment which will most nearly do justice to all is through the enactment of a service pension law.

It is boldly argued by some opponents of service pensions that the government can only be expected to care for those veterans who are in actual need. Read the frank condemnation of this cold blooded plea, made by President HARRISON while a Senator, quoted from the *Congressional Record* of February 20, 1882:

I do not like the idea of compelling a pensioner, when he comes to the government for his pension, to put to the necessity of exposing his poverty, and basing his claim upon his necessitous condition.

There is no more honored name among Republicans than that of Hon. WM. M. EVARTS, Senator from New York. In an article from his pen, appearing in the *Grand Army Review* two years ago, he put in a clear, logical light the justice of the claim of the veterans that, by their spending three or four years of their lives, just at the time when they could have best established themselves in careers of their own, they threw away, through patriotic feeling, chances which they could never regain. They came back home, at the close of the war, to find those who were even with them in the race of life when they entered the service prosperous and well-established, while they had to commence again at the bottom of the ladder. Said Senator EVARTS:

Another great subject is our duty and our feeling for the soldiers that fought for the Union. They were not stipendiaries. They were not hired soldiers. They were not the regular army. They were ourselves, strenuous young men just come from their education, from their professions and from the start in life that they had planned in business, in enterprises and labor for a career in France and prosperity. Taken from these prospects, and kept four years in the field of war, are they to be treated when they come back as if that gap of four years made in their lives at the time when the future depended upon the present were nothing?

The above quotations are worth examination by those who have not yet studied carefully the innate justice of the plea for service pensions. There is in it an element of fair play which appeals to the average American citizen. The time has come when these men need the help of the government, need the realization of the promises made them years ago. The great majority of them have simply *waited*—too proud to be suppliants for what they felt was theirs by every canon of right, and hoping with every succeeding year that the nation would voluntarily demand that Congress should move in the fulfillment of the obligation. The men who furnished the money have had their contract fulfilled to the letter; is it not now time that the soldiers shall have justice?

We can not more fitly close this article than by quoting the following from a speech in Congress, made by Hon. CHARLES GROSVENOR, which is printed in the appendix to the *Congressional Record* for 1887:

The city of New York and the moneyed men, and the men in a generic sense, who invested their money in the bonds of the country, when the bonds so invested were worth about 38 cents on the dollar. Step by step they have secured legislation which has brought the 38 cents up to 100 cents, and have applied the revenues of the country to the redemption of their property. They have secured more money for the interest upon their bonded debt than all that has been paid to the soldiers who saved the nation, for pensions.

Who will consent that the money-lenders shall be better treated than the soldiers?

U. S. P. A.

How to Form an Association.

Any one who desires to form an association will write to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," asking for blanks. We will mail him blank pledges, *free of charge*, after the following form, with room for signatures:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of he Union Service Pension Association of ——, of the County of ——, [of the ——th Congressional district*] of the state of ——.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the longest shall have the largest provision; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House to support any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES. NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization;" or, we will send a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that it concerns itself only with the choice of Congressmen; that the ideal is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor of* the nomination and election of a man who will openly and honestly pledge himself, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends. Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters, (or will be by the Congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. We have confined the pledge to service pensions alone, and to suitable provision for widows and minor children, because these embrace the most important objects to work for. Get as many signatures as you can, before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting need not be secret. Have everybody come who wishes whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. As a guide in this matter we submit the form of a constitution, which may be added to or changed, except that no change must be made in the pledge, nor in the titles of the officers, nor in the date for the close of their first official term—July 4, 1891. These exceptions are insisted on so as to preserve absolute uniformity:

Form of Constitution.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ——, county of ——, [——th Congressional district of the] state of ——."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the association, and be discharged —one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shal detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report fully at the next meeting of the Association to the commandant; and he shall, after the hearings of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally discharge that particular Caucus Committee declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done all that in it lay to secure that success; "with commendation," if he judges it to have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work not as well done as the committee was capable of doing; and "with censure," if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for members of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the aim of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for Representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association; and the Commandant, after formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the assembling of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, whose duty shall be to see that every member of this Association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of an United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a Senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of the District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for state offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*, and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

Have the Adjutant report at once the fact of your organization, with the names and postoffice address of all the officers, to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio." It will be published in the next issue. As soon as *five* Associations are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each Association that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional District. The date by which these must be chosen will be stated, and we will name the time and place of the meeting of that body. The members-elect will meet at the time and place specified; a chairman and secretary pro tempore will be chosen, and a permanent organization effected. We will give a form of constitution for District Councils in a future number of THE BLADE.

State Councils.

As before stated, in the states electing but one Congressman each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, the District Councils will report to THE BLADE as soon as organized, through their secretaries, with list of officers and postoffice addresses, which will be published in the next issue. As soon as half the District Councils are organized (in states which have more than one Congressional district), we shall call on the District Councils to choose members of the State Council, fixing a date before which they must be chosen, and also the date for the organization of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital.

As there are five states which have but two Congressional districts each, and others many, the number of members to be chosen by each District Council will vary. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, one member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose *two* members of the State Council;

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council for every five Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be altered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

AN EGYPTIAN DANCING GIRL.

Lithe, languorous, with large and lustrous eyes
That shine like moons from out her night of hair
That serpent-wise around her coils—a snare
To charm alike the witless and the wise!
The jarring sounds of dreamy flutings rise,
And o'er her head her shapely arms and bare
She tosses, while her supple limbs and fair
Move slowly to the subtle harmonies.

Dark hands glide swifter o'er the taut-drawn strings;
And now, with look and motion passionate,
Like some wide wind-tossed resplendent Eastern bloom,
In tranced ecstacy she sways and swings
Until she seems to us the enthralling fate
That drew great Antony to disgrace and doom.
—[Clinton Scollard, in the Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Difficult Problem.

"Aw, my dear fellah," he said, as they met at Union square, "but I was just wondering about you.

"What was it, Chawlie?"

"Are you going down by the sea this—aw—this season?"

"Quite such, ole boy."

"As a waitah or as a millionaire?"

"That's the stumper, Chawlie. If I go as a waitah the gurls of the house get mashed on me, and my usefulness as a waitah is impaired. If I go as a millionaire the guests—aw—the guests bore me with their attentions and make me weary—aw."

"Same heah, Gawge—same heah. And since a mosquito bit me on the neck last Chuesday I've been wondering if life is worth the living. Run along, Gawge."

"See you by-by, Chawlie."—[New York Sun.

Cigars and Cigar-Boxes.

It is estimated that over 20,000,000 cigars are manufactured every day in the United States alone, and this enormous number requires in the neighborhood of 420,000 boxes for their keeping. As a result there are over 60 factories in the country turning these boxes out. The wood of which these boxes are made comes from Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies.

How They Speak English in Paris.

At a hotel in a busy quarter of Paris the following notice appears: "Ici on parle, Anglais, Espagnol, Italien, Allemand, etc." An Englishman recently entered the House and asked, in British French, for the interpreter. The waiter replied that there was not one. "Who, then," the Britisher asked, "speaks all these languages?" The waiter, with an innocent smile, replied, "The customers."

A Misnamed War.

Johnny—Ma, what does the word "civil" mean?

Mamma—It means gentle and polite.

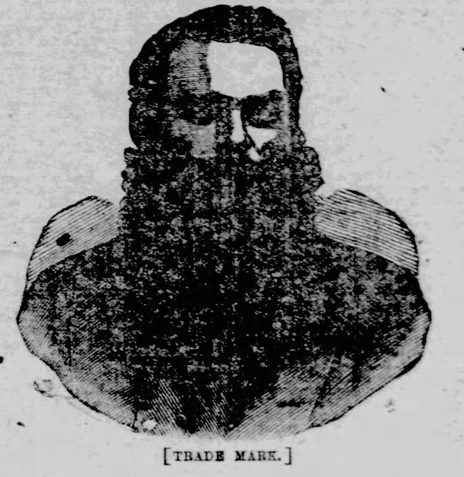
Johnny—That's what I thought. I've just been reading a book on what's called the Civil War. It says there were more men killed in that war than in any other. Now I'd like to know where the civil part comes in?—Philadelphia Times.

300,000 New Pensions.

300,000 soldiers, and nearly all soldiers' widows, parents and minors, can get pensions under new Bill. Write at once to Soule & Company, Washington, D. C., for copy of bill, blanks and instructions, free.

OFFICERS, MANAGERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Co.

An article Relating to the Volume of Business and Able Corps of Business Men Connected with the Establishment.



[TRADE MARK.]

DR. A. OWEN.

DR. A. OWEN.

Dr. A. Owen, inventor of the Owen Electric Belt, president and general manager of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company, incorporated under the state laws of Illinois June 18, 1887, was born in Northern Ohio. His natural talent for invention was apparent from early childhood. His large experience in hospital and office practice treating acute and chronic diseases impressed upon his mind the necessity of a more practical use of electricity as a cure. Having become thoroughly convinced of its unfailing power his ingenious brain soon devised a new method of application in the use of a body battery having from ten to twenty cells, with a reversible current which might be controlled at will, giving a mild or strong current continuously. The result was the now well-known Owen Body Belt, which brings so many blessings upon his head. Realizing the importance to patients living at a distance to secure a durable and effectual electrical appliance which could be controlled and understood by them, he invented the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances now secured by patents in the United States and foreign countries. The demand constantly becoming greater for his inventions he withdrew from his regular practice, formed the stock company as known and the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company, with Dr. A. Owen as president and general manager. This company in 1887 sold belts and appliances to the amount of $15,000. In 1888 their sales exceeded $35,000, in 1889 they exceeded $100,000, and in 1890 for the five months ending May 31 the sales were $80,774.00, which will convince the most skeptical person of the popularity of Dr. Owen's Electrical Appliances. The doctor honestly believes that he has cured more people during the last year by means of his Electric Belt than has been accomplished by any one treatment in the world, and while curing one disease he has not created another. Dr. Owen's popularity as a specialist is constantly increasing.

C. E. SEELS, Practical Electrician,

Secretary and Business Accountant and Financial Manager of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company.

S. M. OWEN,

Treasurer of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company, and salesLady in the ladies' department. This lady has been forelady in our factory for the last three years. She thoroughly understands every detail of this department, and speaks with fluency both English and German languages. Those visiting the office will find her thoroughly qualified to fill the position she holds.

H. A. SWANSON, Medical Electrician

Head Salesman and Assistant Manager of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company. Thoroughly posted in the Anatomy of the human system.

D. W. BEARDSLEY,

English Correspondent and Assistant Salesman.

REV. F. H. TISHENDORF,

Norwegian Correspondent.

OUR BELTS.

Price List of Dr. Owen's Electro Galvanic Belts and Appliances:

FOR LADIES' AND GENTS' BELTS.

No. 1 Belt	$ 6.00
No. 2 Belt	10.00
No. 3 Belt	15.00
No. 4 Belt	20.00
No. 1 Belt, with Spinal Appliance	25.00
No. 2 Belt, with Spinal Appliance	35.00
No. 3 Belt, with Spinal Appliance	45.00
No. 4 Belt, with Spinal Appliance	50.00
Bands, each	2.50
Silk Suspensory	1.00
Insoles	1.00
Extra Appliances for No. 3 and No. 4 Belts consisting of Neck Band, Wrist Bands and Foot Plates	6.00

In ordering Belts, give waist measure just above the hips.

TESTIMONIAL OF MISS T. H. THOMPSON.

SPICER, MINN., Sept 30, 1889.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., Chicago, Ill.:

GENTLEMEN—I bought a No. 4 belt of you last fall and am very much pleased with it. I was troubled with terrible headaches, but the Belt has cured me. I do not think enough can be said in its praise.

My mother was troubled with a kind of rheumatic pain in her arm, and she says words cannot describe how she suffered, depriving her entirely of sleep. I took my belt and wound it round her arm, and tied a cloth around it. She slept that night as quietly and comfortably as a child. She says it is a blessed thing, and is worth many times the price asked for it.

I shall soon order a belt for her, together with a Band. Please let me know how much you charge for them. I have just recommended the Belt to a man troubled with a diseased liver and gave him your address. I may order several belts this fall. Yours gratefully, T. H. THOMPSON.

LATER.

SPICER, MINN., Oct. 12, 1889.

Owen Electric Belt Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Inclosed please find $10, for which send me a No. 2 Ladies' Belt, and oblige,

Yours, etc., T. H. THOMPSON.

LATEST.

SPICER, MINN., Dec. 2, 1889.

Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Co.:

GENTLEMEN—Enclosed please find express order, $18, for which send me one of your No. 2 Ladies' Belts and Band for the head.

Yours respectfully, MISS T. H. THOMPSON.

Persons making inquiry from the writers of testimonials must, in all cases, send a self addressed stamped envelope to insure a reply.

All persons desiring any information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES, please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogues and valuable information, together with recent sworn testimonials of parties cured by the Owen Electric Body Belt. Catalogues in English, Swedish, Norwegian and German. Address

THE OWEN
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191 and 193 State St., Chicago.

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THE POET'S CONSOLATION.

Though poorly often the poet fares,
His life is not all of gloom;
For he feels, as he climbs up his attic stairs,
That he lives in a tip-top room.
—Buffalo Courier.

The Sun's "Bed Kilt."

"Charlie, see, the sun is just going to bed," said a mother, pointing to the western sky glowing with beautiful colors.

"Oh," cried little Charlie, "what a beautiful bed kilt he has."

Thought Heaven Out of Place.

Little Mary (who lives on the thirteen

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON,.....EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

SORROWS GROW BY PETTING.

Called to Account for Support of Woman Suffrage—Short Answers to Some Old Arguments—Let the Future Tell the Story.

I WAS greatly amused the other day at the declaration of some dashing writer that the longing to die in which some people indulge is really only an expression of the need of a nap, and I believe it is true. Women, and men too, grow weary with the everyday routine of daily cares and and duties that crowd, mob-like, into the life. Things that demand attention seem to such persons like little imps tumbling over each other in their eagerness to gain attention, and their insistence is exhausting.

The best way to escape from these little demons is to defy them by deliberately lying down, and, shutting the door of thought against their entrance, go to sleep. Yes, right in the middle of the day, when you feel that there is a world of work to be done, simply let go for a half-hour, and my word for it, and not only mine but many others who have tried the experiment and know, you will be the gainer physically and mentally. A short nap invigorates brain and body, and increases the power to work wonderfully. What is lost in time is gained in force.

This rule does not apply to one class of workers alone, but to all, and quite as strongly to the home-keepers as to any others. In every house, somewhere easy of access, there should be a large, easy couch, the very look of which invites to repose. It should be wide and roomy, with two or three pillows that suggest comfort. Such a couch may be made at home with small expense. I saw one recently that seemed to woo one to rest at sight. It was broad and low—broad enough to do away with any fear of being landed upon the floor should uncanny dreams arouse the sleeper to sudden movement.

Yes, take a nap whenever it seems to you that of all things in the world rest would be the most grateful. Do not mind what your neighbors may say, if they should find it out. It is a matter with which they have naught to do, and no business to meddle. In fact a careful cultivation of "don't care" in regard to what may be said of you *providing* you are doing what you believe in all sincerity to be *right* is a most excellent thing.

Sleep that "knits up the raveled sleeve of care" will sometimes knit it up so fast as to seem almost miraculous, therefore, ye tired workers to whom the thought of heaven as a place of eternal rest is most beautiful and most grateful, woo this tired nature's sweet restorer whenever, be it morning, noon or night, the weary brain and body cries out against further demand for action. You will gain, your work will gain, and your family will be all the happier for this indulgence.

DON'T pet your troubles. If care and sorrow have come to you, do not go around looking like a peripatetic funeral carrying a sense of oppression with you that, makes even your warmest friends feel glad when your presence is withdrawn. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or the other individual who claimed to have written those lines beginning

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone,"

put a shrewd bit of philosophy in a very attractive guise.

Everything grows by accretion and troubles are no exception. They roll up like the boys' snowballs and before the fact is realized they are so high that one cannot look over them. Put them away out of the thought as much as possible. In an old Connecticut home, where I once visited, I saw a woman not yet past middle life who looked like a mummy. Her voice was pitched upon a high key, and always had a mournful quaver in it that struck a doleful key in all who heard. She seemed forever upon the point of bursting into a flood of tears. Everybody in the neighborhood called her "poor Mis' Sely"—her name was Cecelia—and seemed to regard her with a sort of pity that was apparently balm to the poor soul. The source of all her grief, I learned, was the accidental drowning of a young man with whom, long before, when in her teens, she was, in comfitry parlance, "keeping company."

"It was powerful bad—powerful bad," said an old colored woman who served in the family; "but pearz like Miss Sely, she jez nusséd her trouble and petted it, 'till she doan know how fur to see anything else."

The poor old creature expressed it exactly. Miss Sely could not "see anything" else, and that is the way with too many of us. There was no doubt but that her sorrow was real and heartfelt, but had she in the beginning put away "self" steadily and persistently, healing would have come, and her own life, as well as the lives of those with whom she had been cast, been far happier. She got into the habit of grieving. She hugged her sorrow to her heart, petted and caressed it, until it grew to be her only care.

Of course we can all see the absurdity of so doing when it is held up before our eyes, but the pertinent question is, do we not all do the same thing to a greater or less degree? It would be well to look into the matter, for grief can be made the most selfish thing in the world, or the most beneficent. I know a tender, loving spirit which has been stricken almost beyond endurance; yet, though the face has grown wan and the form almost shadowy, there is always a bright smile,—there are always cheerful words for those who draw near her, and the very effort which this costs brings blessed relief to herself.

I FIND myself suddenly called to account for some words of mine in regard to the right of women to vote published last February. These words have evidently been seething in the brain of my good brother until they have produced an "open letter." Were the arguments anything new, it should be given *sotto fisto et seriatum*, but as they are only a rehash of what has been given from the days of the patriarchs, so to speak, down, we have neither time nor space for it in full. As the writer seems sincerely honest and earnest, I will answer him briefly.

He says "men do not vote because they pay taxes, but because they are men." That is exactly what we complain of—the assumption of superiority involving arbitrary powers because of the change of sex, and those powers resting upon the might of brute force, for that is all that it amounts to.

"All property pays taxes because it is property." Exactly, but who gave one class of property-owners the right to dictate absolutely to another class of property-owners, both being of mature and supposedly sound judgment, what they shall pay for the privilege of owning property?

By what law of justice does one class decide what shall be done with the taxes collected by might from the others? I am not talking about minors but of full grown men and women. And where a guardian is concerned, it is by no means certain that he should not represent his ward's property by a vote so far as municipal affairs are concerned.

In regard to what I said about women having no voice in making the laws which govern her, he writes:

"Aliens, travelers and minors are obliged to submit to laws that they do not help to make. We do not allow aliens to vote because we think they are not sufficiently interested in the common welfare. We do not allow minors to vote because we do not think they have yet sufficient judgment. We prohibit women to vote for the same reason. In plain words, we consider them less capable of judicious voting than the men, *ourselves*, are."

Of course, the alien argument has no force whatever, as no one can imagine women any less interested in the common welfare than men. But—"we (the men) do not allow minors to vote because we (the men) do not think they have yet sufficient judgment. We (the men) prohibit women to vote for the same reason. In plain words, we (the men) consider them less capable of judicious voting than the men *ourselves* are," the "ourselves" being italized.

If there is anything I admire, it is plain speaking. The big "we" and "ourselves"—bad grammar aside,—are also admirable. There is no need of answering such an argument, if so you name it, for it is simply the language of *might*. Your donkey and horse illustration applies well here. Because one man represented by the strong donkey, is more capable of judicious voting than one woman represented by the smaller and weaker horse, therefore all men are superior in judgment to all women. Brute force again.

No fair and candid woman denies that good men are endeavoring to legislate wisely and justly for women, but who gave them the right to assume the power of such legislation? The truth is that it was not given but taken. Women did not give away their birthright of self-government. Their demand to be recognized as citizens with equal rights privileges and duties with men is becoming stronger every day with the growth of their understanding of the great questions of the time. And my correspondent will hardly dare to assert in the face of facts that there is greater ignorance among women who do not vote than among men who do, when he considers the foreigners of the North and the negroes of the South. Let the future determine this question. EMILY S. BOUTON.

About Visiting Cards.

The world owes many good things to the Chinese queer and quaint people as they are with their old, old civilization that seems to have been worn out long ago. Among the things which the modern civilization has adopted is the visiting card which plays such an important part in social matters to-day. They are known to have been in use there, way back in the seventh century—only think of it—and from that time to this have been employed in their visiting, which is always a matter of strictest ceremony. Red, however, is the color of their cards, and the brighter they are the better.

I was reading the other day of the way in which a Chinaman makes his wish to marry known to the parents of the lady he desires to marry. He sends to them his card inscribed with his ancestral name, and the symbols, eight in number, that denote the day of his birth. If he meets with favor, the lady's card is sent in return.

We do not make such uses of cards, and yet they play a large part in the etiquette of society. Good taste dictates a plain white card of medium size, engraved in neat script, with name and, if in a city, the residence in the lower left-hand corner. Sometimes a lady desires to mention some special day on which she is sure to be "at home" to callers, and then that is put in the left-hand corner, with the street and number in the lower right-hand corner. The name of the city or town should not be given.

A young lady should always have the prefix "Miss" upon her cards, and she may use her full name or only her initials. A married lady should, of course, use the prefix.

Some one writes to know how many cards should be left when a call is made. Two at the outside are all that is necessary—one for the lady of the house, and another for the rest of the family. If there is a guest, a third may be left for her.

Married ladies often leave their husband's card with their own.

Card etiquette varies somewhat in different places, but there are a few general rules that may always be adopted.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; el ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c tst, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

FANCY SCROLL LACE.—Cast on 26 stitches and knit across plain.—1st row—k 2—t to 2 times—p 2 tog—k 4—n—t to twice — n — k 4 — t o — n — t o — n — t o 4 times — n — n — t o — k 2. 2d row — sl 1—k 5—p 1—k 1—a 1 (making 4 stitches where the thread was put over 4 times)—k 10—p 1—k 5—t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—n—t t o twice—n—n—t t o twice—n—k 3—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 4—n—t t o—k 2. 4th row—sl 1—k 16—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—n—t t o twice—n—n—t t o twice—n—n—t t o twice—n—k 2—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 3—n—t t o—k 2. 6th row—sl 1—k 14—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 1—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. 7th row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2—n—t t o twice—n—n—t t o twice—n—k 5—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 2—n—t t o—k 2. 8th row—sl 1—k 16—p 1—k 3—p 1—k 3—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 4—n—t t o twice—n—k 8—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 1—n—t t o—k 2. 10th row—sl 1—k 18—p 1—k 5—t t o—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 17—t t o—n—t t o—n—n—t t o—k 2. 12th row—sl 1—k 24—t t o—p 2 tog—k 2. 13th row—k 2—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 18—t t o—n—t t o—n—k 3. 14th row—slip and bind 3—k 19—t t o twice—p 2 tog—k 2. Repeat from the 1st row. Sl means slip, k means knit, p means purl, t t o means thread thrown over, n means narrow.—FAY B.

The patterns are excellent and the HOUSEHOLD is obliged. Am afraid that the one you speak of is too long. Could you not describe the stitch.—ED.

CROCHETED RUG.—As many people prefer crocheting to knitting, a real handsome rug can be made as follows: Cut your rags (which should be soft) in strips half an inch wide, then crochet a chain of the widths. Put 3 single crochet stitches in first chain stitch from the needle, 1 in the second, 2 in the third, 1 in each of the next 14, 2 in the 15th, 1 in the 16th, and 3 in the 17th, which should be the last. Work back the other side of the chain, widening the same way. Now always take up the back loop the rest of the way, widening in the center of every three stitches till the mat is large enough. This makes a long six-pointed rug. Colors can be arranged to suit the taste. If they will be accepted I have a great many crochet patterns I will send to the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. L. J. HARE.

The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them if not too long.—ED.

DRAWN WORK.—In answer to "Inquirer," how to do drawn work, I send the following, which I work on muslin to keep it from raveling, and which makes a nice inserting for underwear: Draw four open spaces of about sixteen threads, each the length of strip desired; then cut sixteen threads at both ends in the two outside drawn rows, and pull out the threads; then leave sixteen, and so on, leaving the cloth in squares, solid, open and drawn. Take a small stitch in centre of first solid square with needle and single thread, place thumb down on right hand side of first open space, and throw thread around and form a loop, pass needle under thread and take up half of drawn threads, draw up tight forming a button-hole stitch. Pass on around open square in same manner tying twice where you began. Then at the centre of solid square, take up small stitch and repeat the length of row. If the editor wishes I will sometime send directions for making an old fashioned air-castle from hollow straws.

From a recent letter received signed Household I infer that Miss Bouton has charge of the Children's department also. If so would she like to examine a story showing the evil of pride, and including directions for bleaching hats and coloring faded lawns etc. KANSAN.

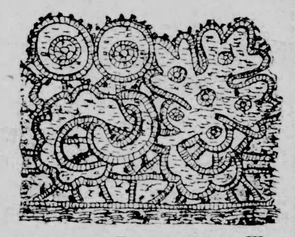
If the story is short and pay is not expected if published. Should be glad of air castle description if short.

RULES FOR KENSINGTON PAINTING.—The work is done with a common brass pen, and the tube paints; having the material stamped, mix the paints as for oil painting, but do not use any oil with them. Take up quite a little paint on your pen, and put it around the outside of the flower, on the lines which are stamped, and then draw it down toward the center veins, being careful to keep the general direction, which are shown by the marks of the veins on the stamping, just as you would with your stitches in embroidery. This is the sum and substance of Kensington painting, the only secret being, to shade your flowers nicely. The centers of wild roses, or flowers with fluffy centers, should be put on in little dots, instead of the long marks, as on the leaf, to make them have a natural look.

To mix a few of the most common colors for Kensington painting: Antwerp blue and King's yellow make green: If a dark shade is wanted, use more blue than yellow; if a light shade, use more yellow. For light blue (forget-me-nots), permaaent blue, and white. For purple, use crimson lake, permanent blue, and white. For lavender, the same colors as for purple, only a good deal more white. To make green leaves brownish, use burnt sienna or burnt umber. For the centers of daisies, use King's yellow for the light; Caledonian brown for dark; Cadmium yellow is a brighter shade than Kings, and is used with gaeat effect with the latter in the center of roses, daisies, etc. Vermillion and sienna make pretty reddish colors, and King's yellow and white, light yellow.—EDNA.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

ROMAN EMBROIDERY—This style of decoration is much in vogue at present for sideboard covers, sofa pillows, trimmings for various purposes, etc. The foundation is generally Holland linen, and an open, showy, conventional pattern is chosen. The outlines should be worked rather closely in button-hole stitch with either embroidery cotton or wash silk, the bars being worked in lace stitch. The material under the open parts of the pattern is afterwards cut away with a sharp pair of scissors. In making a sofa pillow, a covering of bright silk should be used before the cover of Roman embroidery is applied.



PHOTOGRAPH HOLDER FOR THE WALL—Take a piece of old-fashiond blue and white bedticking and the color of satin you wish for lining. Cut these pieces 28 inches long and 7 inches wide. On the white stripe of the bedticking work the cat-stitch (some call it feather stitch) with one or different colored silk floss. When this is all done, sew narrow braid on the blue stripe. This may be all one color, but the effect is very fine if you use alternate gilt and white. Sew the lining onto the ticking, and be very careful in turning. Now take one end and fold it up about five inches and sew at the sides to make the pocket. About four inches from the other end, which may be rounded, square or cut slanting, gather up so as to place in a gilt ring. Finish with ten or twelve bangles or tassels. The bedticking used bias is very pretty, indeed. This is very nice to make double, so as to have two pockets. I made a pincushion out of bedticking fixed this way, also a headrest, but used yarn instead of silk.—SUZAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

By S. S.

"And whosoever liveth and believeth,
In me shall never die." St. John 11-26.

Some days are dark and dreary,
Some days are joyous and glad;
There are hearts that are gladsome and cheery,
While others are mourning and sad.

There are clouds hanging dark o'er some pathways,
There are pathways illumined with light;
Some live to rejoice in the sunshine,
Some grieve in the darkest of night.

God in his infinite wisdom,
Gives, or withholds what is best,
And the soul shat by patience o'ercometh,
Shall enter, at last, into rest.

May 15, 1890.

ABOUT FLOWERS.—I like to read your letters, and I think I will try my hand in writing one. I have found many valuable suggestions and recipes, and for those I have a scrap-book in which to paste them. I have also tried many of the knitted lace patterns, some of which are very pretty.

I am much interested in flowers and I do not often see any letters on that subject. I have transplanted, from the woods, some wild liverworts and Blue bells, which take kindly to their new home and are things of beauty all summer, for when they are through blooming the foliage is lovely. I have some hardy roses (hybrid perpetuals) which give us flowers from May till November. I have the John Bright, Captain Christy, Grand Duke Nicholas, President Lincoln, Annie de Desbach, and one other the name of which I have forgotten; but my Campanulas are lovely and attract a good deal of attention.

I want to tell you of a freak of my Digitalis, two spots of which have sent up stalks with the top flower as large as four of the other ones. They are plants which grew from seed last year and have never bloomed before; one is purple and one is white, and every little branch coming out on the stalks are tipped with a large bud, which blooms before the lower buds do. They grow from seed of my own raising. I have daturas, the seed of which came from southern California, and they bloom here nicely.

But I would like to ask my flower-loving friends what is the best way to keep house plants over winter. Some tell me to keep them up stairs, but I find the air is too dry and some kinds dry right up and die, such as verbenas, and the plants are troubled with little green lice on the stems and leaves. My hall up stairs is roomy and lighted by an east window and would be a good place for plants if it were not for those troublesome pests. Perhaps some one can tell me what to do.

I have bought an auratum lily four times, and they have always failed to grow. I got them in the spring; next time I shall try the fall. I have a pond lily started in a large jar. My letter is getting too long. I did not intend to write so much, but I would like to have some of the others write on the subject of flowers.—GRAND MA.

SERVANTS.—Yes, we are all servants, servants of God and of each other. We do not all serve in the same way, but each according to his or her ability. "No man liveth to himself alone." It is well that it is so, else what selfish, narrow, ignorant creatures we would become. There is, however, a great difference between being a servant and being a slave. The slave knows no will but his master's, has no choice in the matter as to who shall be his master, has no power to rise above his present circumstances, whatever they may be; receives but the barest compensation for his labor, no matter what that labor may be nor how good the quality, his best efforts only serving to put added power into the hands of the master, who rules his body and in many instances would like to rule his soul also.

This is not the case with the servant. He is at liberty to seek his own employment when and where he will, and to seek such employment as is best suited to the bent of his mind—and body, for in dealing with human beings we too often lose sight of the fact that all have not the same bodily strength. A good servant may, and will, put forth his best efforts in behalf of his master's interest, but it is with the knowledge and expectation that what benefits his master will in some way reflect on himself. A servant has, and should always be allowed a perfect right to choose his or her own religion. God alone is master of the soul. A servant is entitled to and has a right to claim full compensation for services rendered according to the quantity or quality of the same. And here it seems to me is one of the evils of labor organizations, or such of them as demand so much per day for each man, whether his work be good or bad. There seems to be in this an injustice to the good workman, unless he willingly lends himself to help his weaker, or more careless or lazy, brother.

I think the time has come that what applies to one sex applies to the other also in such matters as these.—FLORENCE EUSTIS.

Inquiries.

Will any of the HOUSEHOLD readers kindly tell me how to prepare rose leaves for a rose jar, something not very expensive preferred; also a recipe to clean undressed kid gloves. I have seen benzine recommended but that fades them.—SMILAX.

I would like some one to tell me how to erect a photographers tent, one that can be taken apart and moved. Also what kind of material is best. Am only an "amateur."—BARBARA.

Will "M. A." who sent the recipe of coal oil, salt and water for the hair please tell us how often, and in what way it should be applied?—L. R.

Will any of the subscribers please tell me how to cure hay fever; some recipe that has been tried?—MRS. NICHOLSON, Kansas.

Will some one who knows please inform me through the HOUSEHOLD how to prepare the sweet pickles which are sold in groceries?—LAURA.

Will some one please send, as soon as possible, a recipe for strawberry acid?—COUSIN GERTRUDE.

Can any one tell of a sure cure for soft corns?—V. B.

Will some one tell how they put up quinces so they will keep in a jar without sealing?—TRIXY.

Will some one please answer the following questions:

Is the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage a Baptist or Methodist preacher? What will take ladies' shoe dressing out of white goods? What will cure corns, permanently? What is good for habitual constipation? What would you advise me to do to become fleshier? I have always been rather thin in flesh (almost envy a person with a double chin).—MARY.

Will some one give briefly the best way of cultivating similax?

The church in Lewiston, Idaho, needs help in order that it may be furnished. A bell and library are also needed. Write to the minister, Rev. J. L. Whitcomb, or to Rev. D. G. Strong, the elder. Every little helps.

The following Sunday schools need help in the way of books and papers:

Sunday school papers to be sent to the superintendent, Mr. Richard King, Moscow, Idaho.

Sunday school song books and Sunday school books to read sent to Mrs. Martin, Campbell Postoffice, Illinois Station, Indian Nation.

Singing books (Gospel Hymns preferred) and papers, to be sent to Mrs. S. A. Bell, Shaw, Kingman county, Kansas.

Answers to Inquiries.

If M. Davis will wash her rose bush thoroughly with tobacco tea, also water with liquid manure once in two or three weeks, I think she will be pleased with the result.—K. G. L.

I have just been reading what "Jennie" says about "How to do stamping." Her way is no doubt good, but a very simple way is this: Take the goods with the rough side of the pattern on the surface. After pinning carefully, rub over lightly with corn starch, using a soft cloth. Remove the pattern carefully and outline with a colored pencil. A good stamping powder is made with half rosin and half Persian blue. With either the starch or the powder the pattern needs no cleaning. Flour is as good as starch.—SUZAN.

A. Reynolds, to get rid of ants: 1.—Wash the shelves or the place where the ants come with alum water. 2.—Soak a sponge in water sweetened with sugar, and the ants will draw into it and can be taken away. 3.—Draw a chalk line around the place where the ants come, and they will not cross it.—EARNEST.

In answer to the inquiry of "Subscriber" in regard to stammering, we read a long time ago, that the affliction could be entirely overcome by the patient reading, for an hour or two every day, keeping the mouth closed, moving the lips only. It is said to be a very tiresome operation, but it is worth a trial.

Our currant bushes have been entirely free from currant worms for years. At least every two months we sprinkle fine wood ashes on the bushes, while wet with dew. It is not necessary during the fruit season, but during the winter and spring. Also, have a plentiful supply around the roots. We consider wood ashes the best fertilizer for all fruits. The ashes are certainly very distasteful to all kinds of insects.—COUSIN GERTRUDE.

F. T., Long Island, Kan.: Please write out your information and send it for publication. We can not insert addresses, as per your request.

If M. H. R. will wash the eye that has the stye on with a weak solution of boracic acid I think it will cure it, for it has been done. To prepare the solution, put water on the crystals; if it should make the eye ache, weaken it with a little more water. It must be used every little while until cured.—V. B.

"Wild Daisy": A cream colored nun's veiling will not be at all out of place at church.

Fruit at dinner should be served after the pie or pudding.

A gray knitting suit would be likely to be convenient, but why do you not write to your friends and ascertain whether they are in the habit of going out on the water?—ED.

Recipes.

TO PREPARE A GOOD STAMPING POWDER FOR LINEN.—Take equal parts of white resin and gum-damar, with enough Persian blue to color, and pulverize together. After stamping lay thin paper over it and smooth with hot irons.—K. A.

CURE FOR RINGWORM.—Never known to fail. Rub castor oil on it. I have cured very bad ones in two weeks.—READER.

CHEAP AND SURE CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Take Irish potatoes and slice them, skin and all. Put in a saucer and sprinkle fine salt over them. Let them stand a few minutes and there will be a little juice in bottom of dish. Bathe your chilblains once a day. Sure cure in three days.—W. H. RUCKLE.

PORK CAKE.—I tried Mrs. J. M. W.'s recipe for pork cake, and found it very nice. But I still think my own is good, and so send it for the benefit of HOUSEHOLD readers who sometimes find themselves minus butter, eggs and milk. The cake improves with keeping, if close wrapped in the cake box, and I have found a bit of it well relished when the stomach refused other food: ½ lb. clear fat salt pork; ½ pt. boiling hot coffee; 2 cupfuls granulated sugar; 1 cupful raisins; ½ cupful citron; 1 scant teaspoonful cloves; 1 scant teaspoonful mace; 1 full teaspoonful cinnamon; 4 cupfuls sifted flour; 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; strain the coffee on the finely chopped pork, let stand till cold, then add sugar, chopped fruit, spices, etc. Bake 1½ hours.—JEANIE.

AMBROSIA—Eight sweet oranges, peeled and sliced; 1 grated cocoanut, arrange in a glass dish, alternate layers of orange and cocoanut, each layer to be well sprinkled with sugar. Let it stand for several hours before serving.

RICE OMELET—One teacupful of boiled rice; a little salt; 3 eggs well beaten; 4 tablespoonfuls of milk. Fry as any omolet in a buttered pan.

VINEGAR PIE WITHOUT EGGS—Line pie tin with a good crust. Take 3 tablespoonfuls of flouer; 1 teacupful of sugar and mix well. Now add ¾ cupful of good vinegar, and ¾ water. Flavor with nutmeg and cover with three strips of crust. Put on bits of butter and bake in a moderate oven.—MRS. W. F. K.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do he reby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

LABETTE CITY, KAN.	Fred McDavitt
Nora Davis	Ward T Dale
Willie Davis	Leo Dale
Arthur Davis	Louis Dale
Walter Davis	J S Curtis
Hattie Miller	Will Curtis
Pearlie Rinker	Will Hawkins
Jim Whitney	NEWBURG, MO.
Jake Hall	Elie Buck
Mike Hall	Ella Carpenter
Tracie Hall	Robert Sadsfield
Mertie Pfaff	Dora Vulgemore
Mabel Fitzsimmons	Peter Tucker
Olive Fitzsimmons	Joseph Cole
Earl Fitzsimmons	George A Bragg
Mary Fitzsimmons	Isaac Bragg
Ellie Ballard	EASTON, CONN.
Freddie Ballard	Jennie A Wakeman
Julia Whetzel	Arthur S Wakeman.
Dan Pefley	Eddie D McKenna
Claude Payne	Harry S Jones
Horbert Payne	Mary E Wakeman
LA PLATA, MO.	Lavina Baldwin
Sherman Elliot	George H Wakeman
Hettie Elliot	DEFIANCE, IND.
Florence Elliot	Florence Parmley
Nora McDavitt	

Names this week, 48. Total, 29,622.
The above embraces all names received up to June 20.

UNUSUAL (?) CONDUCT.

BY REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

I know a little fellow
You'd deem almost perfection,
Until some chance occurrence
Should lead to his detection.

He'll do any one a favor,
Run on an errand fleetly,
So willing and obliging,
He wins your love completely.

But let his busy father
Desire some slight assistance,
He'll answer with impatience,
Or even with resistance.

Full often have I known him
With frowns do for his mother
What he, a moment later,
With smiles did for another.

The little girls, his playmates,
Consider him "just splendid;"
Alas! by his own sister
He could not be commended.

How like you such behavior,
Bright boys and merry misses?
And, tell me, did *you* ever
See conduct strange as this is?

PUT OL YOUR THINKING CAP.

Our Wonder Corner, which will begin very soon, perhaps next week, is sure to challenge the interest of all the young folks. Its principal feature will be a series of Natural History Puzzles which have been arranged for, supplemented by questions concerning common events of every-day life which boys and girls and grown people, too, often see without being able to explain.

In addition to these things, any good puzzles, conundrums, etc., which members of THE BLADE family may choose to send, will be published unless not considered suitable to our columns. These, in all cases, must be written plainly, and accompanied by the answer. Send them along right away, the sooner, the better.

For the Young Folks.

LITTLE COWARD.

KARA KANAWHA.

SHE don't look like a girl, yet she is far too pretty for a boy—there certainly is nothing upon earth like her."

"Then you are free to worship her," laughed one of the party of half a dozen. They were a cheery group to see, characteristic young West Virginians, sparkling with life, and at home in the saddle.

"Worship? Not yet! I prefer to watch her for two or three years. Nothing is more uncertain to calculate upon than a girl of fourteen; she is quite undecided."

"Not so undecided if you should dare to offend her, I fancy. There's chain-lightning under those careless lids."

"Isn't there under most any girl's?" inquired Dan, who had first spoken, in assumed timidity.

"Just try us, sir!" and three pretty whips were levelled toward him.

Meantime Browneyes, all unconscious of an importance that could attract the attention of anything beyond the bee that buzzed vexingly near her plump chin, in pursuit of some clover blossoms she wore, was waiting a little distance apart.

Grown in the Quaker City, her opportunities far equestrianism had been meager, but she was making the most of her two months' privilege in the heart of Laurel Mountain.

"It is the Sabbath day, to be sure," spoke Col. Mason, the silver-headed master of the fine old country homestead; "yet I think, to one of your excellent training, a Sabbath afternoon could scarcely be more fittingly spent, and this is your first and possibly your last opportunity of seeing the Valley Mill-falls."

Browneyes bumped about in her saddle, knotting up the heavy girdle of her short, green dress more to her liking, studying the most forceful poise of her foot in the shining stirrup, trying the whip and reins; patting the jetty neck of Fay, upon whom she was mounted for the first time, for Fay, being confidential friend and close companion to her master, a United States marshal, rarely found time for matters of social leisure.

I would not dare, in the face of scientists, to declare that Fay possessed a mind; I simply say that she made up her own opinions.

While Mason Gregg exchanged a few low, hasty sentences with his father, upon the veranda, Fay was deciding in favor of Browneyes at the wicket-gate and, all unintentionally, Browneyes was catching some broken sentences:

"Not a particle of danger yet. The gang is completely run down and will sleep through Sunday daylight. Now, after midnight——"

"Well, well. I will send Sam around with a warning to Hudson. It does no harm to be ready.

"That mare will bring the child out safe if she knows how to keep the saddle, in any event; but don't risk the moonlight."

The stalwart son, who with that intuitive reverence which belongs to the children of the mountaineers, had been standing bareheaded before his parent, now tossed his hat upon his brow, sprang out the path overarched with Catawbas, and ten minutes later they were all cantering at a lively pace over the soundless, clay pike.

In and out, like a broad, brown ribbon it wound, along dizzy cliffs, under unbroken reaches of deep and dusky forest.

Browneyes had been incapabable of taking part in the merry chatter, having quite a lion's share of labor to perform in the practice of equestrianism, each conciliatory stir of the rein bringing back from Fay a dainty and fraternal toss of the head.

"You can depend upon her now, Miss Browneyes," Gregg said, in tones of congratulation. "That nod of recognition means, 'I am at your service.' She will obey you, no matter what the peril."

"But why do you speak of peril? Why did Col. Gregg bid you 'not risk the moonlight? You see, I was so near I could not help hearing."

"Hush, pray, Miss Browneyes! If you permit your questions to reach the ears of the girls just behind us, I fear I will lose the pleasure of showing you Tygart's Valley Mill-falls."

"And why?"

"You are a brave little woman, and you will not help them to fly into hysterics and insist upon returning home?"

Her merry voice rang through the forest ranges, coming back, after an instant, in a succession of echoes.

"I may not be brave, but I am bubbling with curiosity, and I can keep silence," puckering up her lips and giving the shingled, brown head, with its great, loose waves at the temples, a toss that was positive.

Mason spoke in a low tone. "The 'Red Men' are out."

"But they dare not assault us."

"Certainly not, in open day; yet the horse thieves connected with the gang are growing bold, and this is why you were not permitted to visit the Falls until I could accompany you. It is quite secluded and remote.

"Had my sister known of the present outbreak nothing could have induced her to venture upon the road. Of course, we will have you all housed in good time."

"I am so glad you have told me. It adds interest to the excursion."

Just here a narrow road led out from the broader one, and wound in intricate undulations downward in the direction of the river.

Every turn was filled with interest. Among the thickets, like flames and torches, burned the red and yellow of the rhododendrons; rocks, like hunter's cabins in minature loomed up their rugged sides over-run with trailing sedums and ferns; velvety mosses curtained from sight the fallen and decaying forest patriarches.

As the path broadened out the river banks burst forth in dazzling drifts of laurel, its pink and pearl massed back against waxen green. From over-leaning trees leaped rank the snowy plumed clematis, swinging its long pennons and woven banners back and forth over the waving cataract.

There was a spell of silence. Even to those accustomed to the vision of a place so wonderful, it was still overwhelming. To Browneyes—her heart seemed almost to cease beating.

"God's beautiful place!" she whispered to herself. "If mamma could only help me see it!"

Gay and bonny, and bright and daring, are the Laurel mountain girls, priding to follow brother or lover in many an athletic feat.

The horses unsaddled for rest, it was decided they should all go over to Elves' Hollow, which lay almost midway across, and could only be reached when the river was at its lowest. At such times it was possible to bridge from one huge rock to another by means of planks. To dare the deep and dangerous currents, sweeping like dusky, emerald serpents, foam-flecked, between the massive sand stones was as difficult as heroic. A mistaken step meant death at the precipice a few rods below. Yet more than a score of the mountain girls carry the local distinction of having clambered down into the Hollow, a mammoth, well-like cavern, worn out by centuries of grinding pebbles.

"Browneyes will be the youngest lady excursionist who ever set foot upon the Elf-rock," cried Ridgley, who held her crest of luxuriant, short-cropped bangs so closely linked with the masculine idea.

"I grieve to disappoint you, but she will not be!" came the decisive reply, followed by burning blushes; for the young girl instinctively felt that she was lowered. To all entreaties she remained imervious.

"I simply know what I cannot do. That water fascinates me. Half way along a plank I would step off and you could not save me."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, please don't! Go, if you like, but these enchanting banks are sufficiently gratifying for me. I shall not be lonely with Fay and all the horses for company. Besides, I shall not have my eyes off you for a moment," and she began fashioning for herself a couch of bright saddle-blankets, under the shelter of an over-hanging rock.

At last Elves' Hollow was reached. Down they all clambered, disappearing in its huge depths.

Browneyes was never so left alone in all her life. Fear vanished. Her young heart adored.

"They'll wait down thar to git breath, say fifteen minutes! That bay bald-face is nigh on as swift as Gregg's black mare. D' y' reckon we kin make it?" Quick, rough, half-smothered tones, coming from behind some rock close by.

"Mebbe they didn't all go acrost. Did ye count?"

"Blamed if I did. I was not thinkin' half so much o' the hosses as o' that cussed neck o' hissen."

"We'd better git back to our own critters, an' I may bead him at the cliffs. But we needn't be in a hurry; mebbe"——

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Clear and sweet broke forth the girl's song in that lonely place, rising—a single note—above the roar of the cararact; and happily hither and thither she moved, pulling down branches of blossoms and loading them into her arms.

Never a glance turned behind her; never a tinge of color, nor tremor of voice, that would betray to these waiting assassins her knowledge of their presence.

Right speedily and well she reasoned, that the assault would be reserved for a later hour and safer place.

"Dear God!" her heart cried, "dear God," just as she had always whispered at her mother's knee, and she kept on singing and weaving flowers.

It seemed an eternity before they came trooping up the banks.

"Laurels for you each," she gayly cried, reaching forth her treasures.

"And with what shall we crown one of the sweetest little cowards that ever grew north of Mason and Dixon's line?" cried the young officer. "Indeed, Miss Browneyes, you have quite disappointed me! We had a glorious trip, only I had to suffer merciless teasing all on account of your little girl whim."

"Oh—pray do no not scold me"—and she clung upon his arm, with her body swung around between him and where they might be yet—"but take me home to supper!" merrily. "The delay of that important event pains me far more than losing the distinction of burying myself in Elves' Hollow."

"We shall have a double motive for haste. If we are not expeditious you may enjoy the scarcely less distinguished privilege of being caught in a mountain storm. I think one is brewing."

The sky purpled suddenly. Night would fall an hour before its time in those terrible mountains. They galloped forward in silence. It must have been that in the big heart of the child lay power to hush them all.

Should she speak? "No, no;" over and over she reasoned; "there is only the one way."

A succession of crags, just visible through the gloom, came in sight—the Welf cliffs.

"Let me ride at your right a little way, just for a change;" and Browneyes was galloping there. Against the shadows moved a blue of deeper shadow. For once a girl's eyes were keener than those skilled ones, which had helped to bring many an outlaw to justice.

A peal of thunder hastened their speed. The cliffs were passed. That danger was over! Deeper grew the thunder. The others had been bidden to ride forward and were now out of sight, leaving the highway and entering the farm to take a bridle-path which shortened the route.

The path was narrow—her hope brightened. If she could now drop behind, and they were overtaken, surely, surely the man would not shoot past her. Why would he wish her harm?

The thunders moaning, the lightnings pouring lurid floods over the forest floors, moved Mason Gregg in no sense save that of admiration. Browneyes was disappointing him. He thought she would like it.

"Poor, frightened birdlet!" he smiled to himself. "I am not often deceived."

"If I would let Fay guide herself, could we not move faster?"

"Yes. How did you happen to think?" and he looped up the rein as they galloped. "Now, just hold on to the saddle—shut your eyes if you like, and we will be home in ten minutes."

Now and then he glanced backward, to see her sitting erect, framed in shimmering fire—bravely holding on. Then they would be

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The Sabbath and Sunday.

W. C. H., Dolores, Colo., asks: "When was the Sabbath changed from Saturday to Sunday, by whom, and by what authority?"

We dislike to meddle with this much-controverted subject, because many good people get offended at whatever is said about it. The truth of the matter, very briefly stated, is this: The observance of the Jewish Sabbath was instituted after the Exodus, it being made obligatory by the law promulgated at Mount Sinai. The Egyptians did not observe a day of rest every seventh day, and here it is not at all probable that the Hebrews, when in bondage, observed it. Christ observed the Sabbath, of course, the same as he observed the passover, and all other points of the Jewish religion. The countries surrounding the Jewish nation did not observe the Sabbath, for they were not of the Jewish religion; they were pagans. After Christ's ascension, the apostles went preaching his doctrines in those surrounding countries. The infant churches thus organized, outside of those in Jerusalem and Judea, were of the Jews, did not observe the Sabbath. Their members early began the custom of meeting on Sunday for worship, because it is the "Lord's Day"—the day of the week on which the resurrection took place. The Jewish Christians appear to have observed the sabbath as a day of rest, but also met for worship on Sunday. But Jerusalem was taken by Titus in A. D. 70, and destroyed; the Jews were dispersed, and the Jewish Christians disappeared from history. The other early Christians, who had been converted from paganism, had never observed the Jewish Sabbath, and never began the practice. They continued on the Lord's day to gather for worship, but did not, apparently, turn it into a rest-day, which was the central idea of the Jewish Sabbath. In point of fact, the early Christians do not seem to have looked on the Lord's Day as the successor of the Jewish Sabbath in any respect. On the contrary, they considered it simply commemorative of the resurrection, and held that the Sabbath as part of the Jewish law, not binding on themselves, any more than the observance of the Jewish feasts, or the ceremonial law in general. This view finds support in Matthew xix., 16-26, inclusive; the young man asked Christ what he should do to inherit eternal life, and was told to "keep the commandments." He inquired which? and Jesus replied, "Thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness, honor thy father and thy mother; and, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The same incident is told in different language in Mark x, 17-22. The observance of the Sabbath is not mentioned as a requirement; hence it may be considered to have been binding on the Jews, but not on Christians. The idea that the Christian Sunday is the same as the Jewish Sabbath, changed from Saturday to Sunday, is a comparatively modern idea. There is a vast deal of controversy over this matter, but the above we believe to be the facts, briefly summarized. The truth ought to hurt no one; and it is well to remember that all that is obligatory in Christianity is to be found in the New Testament alone, that the Old Testament is only valuable historically, and as throwing light upon the New, and that nothing in the old is binding upon us except it is also commanded in the New; and that the observance of the Sabbath is nowhere insisted upon in the New Testament.

Soldiers in Poorhouses.

A. M. C., Custer Co., N. Y., asks: "Will you please inform me how many soldiers of the late war there are in poorhouses in the United States at the present time, and also the number in each state?"

The latest figures the Commissioner of Pensions has given are for October 15, 1887. At noon of that day there were in the poorhouses of the different states 15,799 certified inmates who had been soldiers or sailors during the late war, and in the soldiers' homes there were, at the same time 15,152 inmates. The following are the figures by states:

	No. in National Military Homes.	All others wholly or partly supported by charity.
Alabama	1	...
Arkansas	...	278
California	66	11
Connecticut	35	274
Dakota Ter	227	15
Delaware	1	87
Dist. Columbia	85	21
Florida	1	3
Georgia	1	14
Idaho	...	7
Illinois	893	827
Indiana	763	230
Iowa	202	239
Kansas	136	69
Kentucky	353	100
Louisiana	24	3
Maine	325	709
Maryland	234	36
Massachusetts	1,105	5,934
Michigan	1,240	473
Minnesota	70	77
Mississippi	2	7
Missouri	466	138
Nebraska	18	16
Nevada	1	4
New Hampshire	163	286
New Jersey	281	346
New Mexico	2	7
New York	2,924	1,782
North Carolina	15	7
Ohio	2,069	732
Oregon	5	10
Pennsylvania	1,763	723
Rhode Island	159	15
South Carolina	...	7
Tennessee	26	27
Texas	6	12
Vermont	58	60
Virginia	19	12
Washington	3	11
West Virginia	83	44
Wisconsin	532	125
Wyoming	...	1
U. S. regular service	2,177	...
Unknown service	16	...
Total	15,152	12,799

The "Committee of the Whole."

J. H. C., Coesse, Ind., asks: "Please tell me the object of the House of Representatives giving itself the name of the whole house on the state of the Union, and why the speaker vacates his chair and appoints a speaker in turn. Please inform me all about it."

The committee of the whole is not peculiar to the House of Representatives; it is used in many other law-making assemblies. It is a committee, but instead of consisting of a few members, it is composed of all the members. When the house goes into the committee of the whole, the presiding officer vacates his seat, which is taken by some other member, generally named by him. (In the House, the speaker vacates the chair and another Representative is called to it; but the latter is not "speaker pro tempore," but is simply the chairman of the committee). The subject, whatever it be, is discussed as if it would be in a committee; but when the committee rises, the presiding officer resumes the chair, and the chairman of the committee reports the result of the committee's deliberations. It is only in this fashion that on the report of any other committee. The whole proceeding is for the purpose of gaining greater freedom in discussion, and for the more prompt transaction of business. The United States house does not actually resolve itself into a committee of the whole, but a motion is made (and carried) to consider the subject, whatever it may be, "as in the committee of the whole." In the House no record is kept of the proceedings of the committee of the whole; only its report appears on the House journal. In the House, every public bill, and all measures relating to trade, navigation, or the public money, must be considered in committee of the Whole before being considered by the House.

Alien and Sedition Laws.

J. P. Mc., Anoka, Minn.: During the troubles of this country with France in 1798 there was a considerable portion of the community in sympathy with France, and attacks of the most scurrilous nature were made against the president and congress. This state of things was the occasion for the passage of the above-named bills. The first alien bill lengthened the period of residence for the purpose of naturalization to fourteen years. All aliens thereafter to come into the country were to be registered, and the certificate of registration was to be the only proof of residence. Alien enemies could never become citizens. A third bill gave the president power, in case of war with a foreign nation or danger of invasion by it, to seize or expel all resident alien citizens of that nation. Another bill, signed by the president June 25, gave him power to send away any alien whom he might think dangerous to the country; if after being ordered away he were found here he might be imprisoned for three years and could never become a citizen; aliens so imprisoned could be removed from the country by the president's order, and on voluntarily returning be imprisoned at the president's discretion; the act provided for various details concerning the carrying out of its intention, and gave the United States courts cognizance of cases arising thereunder. The action of the law was limited to two years. A July bill was also passed in July and declared that any one that in any way hindered any officer of the United States in the discharge of his duty, or opposed any of its laws, to be guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor, punishable by a maximum fine of $5,000 and maximum imprisonment of five years; further, writing, printing or publishing any false, scandalous and malicious writing against congress or the president, or aiding therein, was made punishable by a maximum fine of $2,000 and maximum imprisonment of two years; but the truth of the matter, if proved, was to be a good defense. This act was to expire March, 1801. The opposition aroused by these bills was enormous, and though the prosecutions under them were very few, they made Adams' administration and the federal party very unpopular. Hamilton had in vain tried to prevent the party from committing this blunder.

Pension Queries.

J. H. C., Fulk's Run, Va., asks: "My father was in the war of 1812, and he drew a pension until he died; then my mother drew it until she died. Now, is the youngest child entitled to a pension?"

No. Pensions to soldiers' children continue only until the age of 16, by which time they are presumed to be able to help themselves.

J. C. S., Meadow Brook, asks: "I see, in THE BLADE of April 17, the senate bill to increase the rate of pension for certain cases of deafness to $40 a month. Please state in full what is meant, or included in the bill. What cases come under the bill?"

Absolutely total deafness, for which the rate is now $30 per month. There is not the least probability that the bill will pass.

N. W., Racine, Ark.: "1.—When a soldier has had a charge of desertion removed, does he receive an honorable discharge? 2.—Is he entitled to a pension? 3.—Will he be admitted for Soldiers' Home?"

1.—Yes. 2.—Yes. 3.—Yes.

O. W., Elba, N. Y., writes: "Suppose a dependent mother applies for and gets a pension while the father is living; and again suppose she should die while he yet lives, what will he do to get the same for himself?"

Make proper proof, and get it.

Frost in Low Lands.

J. N. Woodburn, Iowa, says: "The severe freeze of May 23 made a clean sweep of our fruit up to the frost-line, which can still be traced by a well defined line, all through the timber—the oaks, hickories, walnuts and some others killed entirely. Please explain why it is that, all along the water-courses, the late frosts are more severe than on the hills, while west of the Rocky Mountains the reverse seems to be the case?"

The injury done by frost depends upon the amount of moisture in the air. If the temperature of the atmosphere falls at night, but not to the freezing, the moisture of the air is deposited as dew; if below the freezing point, the dew is frozen, and is thus called frost. Dry cold is not as injurious as cold with moisture. The explanation of the Iowa phenomenon seems to be that the air of the valleys, along the water-courses, was heavily charged with moisture; hence the frost injured vegetation. It is the usual rule that low ground suffers more from frosts than high, and we are inclined to doubt that the reverse is true west of the Rockies, or anywhere else.

The Soldier Vote of 1864.

T. A. F., Donelson, Ill., asks: "Please give the soldier vote between Abraham Lincoln and George B. McClellan, in 1864, as I heard public speakers say that there were as many Democrats as Republicans in the Union army."

The legislatures of only a few of the loyal states ever passed laws allowing the soldiers in the field to vote. The soldier vote at the presidential election of 1864 was as follows:

	Lincoln.	McClellan.
Maine	70,809	29,360
New Hampshire	36,018	32,673
Rhode Island	7,878	1,630
Connecticut (figures not at hand).		
New York (figures not at hand).		
Pennsylvania	26,712	14,400
Ohio	41,146	39,483
Kentucky	1,194	23,368
Iowa	17,249	7,874
Wisconsin	13,438	3,431
Michigan	9,402	5,916
California	2,600	2,595
Kansas (no figures at hand.)		

"Common Courtesy."

A subscriber complains that we did not answer a question by mail when he sent postage, saying that it would be only common courtesy to have replied." He, and many others, do not seem to understand the purpose of the Question Bureau. It is to answer queries of *general* interest. We throw it open for the benefit of our readers, on certain conditions, which are given in the Rules, at the head of this column. We agree that we will answer, to the best of our ability, all questions that we deem to be of general interest, and publish the answers in THE BLADE, *not* by mail. When we say "no answers by mail," we mean just that, and "common courtesy" would dictate that a man who expects an answer shall abide by the rules established above. The editor of the Bureau is employed for that purpose alone, and has nothing to do with any other department of the paper; yet if he attempted to answer all the questions by mail, that he is asked to do, he would have time for nothing else.

Kentucky Resolutions of 1798.

J. P. Mc., Anoka, Minn.: The Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were introduced in the Kentucky legislature in that year by George Nicholas, but Thomas Jefferson is now known to have been the author. They were directed against the alien and sedition laws, and against acts passed to punish frauds on the bank of the United States. They opposed broad construction of the constitution, and affirmed that instrument to be a "compact," each state being one party, "its co-states forming as to itself the other party." These resolutions and similar ones, prepared by James Madison, passed by Virginia in 1799, were submitted to other states for their approval, but such states as returned answers expressed non-concurrence with the views there formulated. The second resolution of 1799 repeated the former statements regarding the constitution, and entered a solemn protest against the abuses complained of.

Private Pension Bills.

J. M. B., Palmer, Ill., asks: "What is a private pension bill?"

It is a bill to put a person on the pension rolls who is deserving, but who can not, under the present pension laws, prove his case and obtain a pension. There are naturally many cases where, in strict justice, the person should be pensioned, yet for one or the other of many reasons, a part of the proof is impossible to obtain, or in some way the case is an exceptional one. In such a case the applicant has his representative introduce a bill to put him on the pension rolls; all the evidence bearing on the case is produced in documentary form, and when the bill is referred to the Pension committee, this evidence is placed before them. They consider the matter and report the bill favorably or unfavorably, as they deem most just. If favorably, it usually passes, for it is generally passed. It was these bills that Cleveland so frequently vetoed.

The "Tag" on the Blade.

O. B. M., Holmesville, Neb., writes:

"Is my subscription paid for THE BLADE? I did not subscribe for it, but have received it since March 8. If not, I will pay for it. I think it is a good paper."

You may be sure THE BLADE is paid for, or you would not be receiving it. We send out no papers that are not paid for in advance. Undoubtedly some friend of yours is sending it to you. If you will look on the little red tag on each paper, which has on it your name, you will see the following: "Expires 0[1]." That means that your paper is paid for until March 8, 1891. Subscribers can always tell when their subscriptions expire by looking at the tag, and thus be able to renew in time, as blade paper never stops, but is renewed. To this rule, there is *no* exception.

Your other questions were answered last week.

"Couch Grass."

E. B., Gardiner, Ore.: Couch grass is botanically named *triticum repens*. It is a troublesome plant, infesting arable lands, and is known by many names, such as twitch, witch, quitch, squitch, quack, quake and dog grass, chandler grass, and wheat grass. It is a plant about two feet high, having rough leaves, somewhat hairy, and trailing at the lower joints; it propagates both by seeds and its jointed roots and stems. Its roots go deep into the soil, and take firm hold. Gathering and burning the grass with all its roots is the only effectual remedy against it." It is a weed, and a most difficult one to eradicate.

Poe's "Raven."

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: In Poe's famous poem, the raven itself typifies sorrow and remorse. Pallas, the Greek goddess, whom the Romans called Minerva, was typified among the Greeks as a maiden; she was the protector of the poet, the philosopher and the orator, and in these compliments was the symbol of thought, the goddess of wisdom. The poem is a lament for the dead wife or sweetheart, who will return to him "nevermore"—the black omen of sorrow for the loss, of remorse for possibly unworthy treatment of the loved and lost one.

Metal Questions.

F. H., Catawba, W. Va., asks: "1.—Is there any chemical process by which steel can be softened while cold and then tempered? 2.—What is the composition of metallic bismuth? 3.—What prevents nickel from boiling while being moulded?"

1.—No. 2.—Bismuth is an element, and hence is not composed of anything else. 3. We don't know whether you mean to ask why it does not boil, or, what will prevent its boiling. If the latter, we do not know.

The Silcott Case.

W. D. K., Lawton, Mich.: Silcott, the defaulting cashier of the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, was responsible to the government alone for the money in his hands. This point was decided by a court of law. Hence the government was responsible to the members of the House for the money in his hands which had not been paid to them. A resolution was accordingly passed to pay to them the money owing them. We have not the vote on it, nor is it important. The decision of the court covered the point completely.

Land Queries.

F. W., Higgins, Tex., asks: "1.—When the Cherokee outlet comes into market, can a man take a claim who has taken, years ago, a homestead, but commuted and paid $1.25 per acre, but does not own 160 acres in fee simple now? 2.—Is a postmaster obliged to live on his homestead when holding office? 3.—"

1.—Yes; he bought the land, and hence has the right to homestead. 2.—Yes; his being postmaster does not abrogate the homestead law, which requires residence on the land.

The Moon's "Southing."

J. S., Lilly, Ill., asks: "Why is the moon so much further south at some times than at others?"

Her path around the earth is not parallel to the plane of the earth's equator, but inclined thereto. Hence, at times she is much further south than at others. A full explanation of the matter can be found in any school astronomy.

Old Coins.

J. L. G., Valley Creek, Va.: There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1822.

B. B., Columbus, O.: The trade dollar of 1878 is worth $8.

Rules for Measuring Wanted.

E. B., Gardiner, Ore., wants rules for measuring coal in a heap, and hay in ricks. We know of no good rule. Will some one send a plain, correct rule for each, that we may publish it?

Brief Replies.

L. F. Ellensburg, Wash.: Emile Zola is a man, and so is H. Rider Haggard.

S. H. M., Flushing, Mich.: Get a bookseller or newsdealer to order the book for you. No answers by mail.

I. M., Industry, Iowa: Your query as to a 15-year wedding anniversary is answered in this week's Household by Miss Bouton.

W. N. H., Poplar Bluff, Mo.: Gasoline is composed of carbon and hydrogen. It is obtained by the distillation of crude petroleum.

J. T. R., Lucas, Iowa, asks: "What was the reason for township and ward assessors being ruled out as enumerators of the census?" We do not know.

J. M., Canyonville, Ore.: We published a full list of all the old and new ships of the navy some months ago. We cannot repeat such long answers.

J. B. J., Bad Axe, Mich.: If you want tariff literature, address the American Protective Tariff League, No. 23 West 23d st., New York City. Mention THE BLADE.

M. C. M., Croton, Tenn.: The great meteoric shower of 1833 was on the night of November 12, which was on a Tuesday, we think. There have been many other meteoric showers, but this was the largest that has occurred in the United States.

C. H., Stafford, N. Y.: In the Bureau of June 5 we told you that all about enlistments in the regular army can be found in the Bureau of May 8, and that we will not republish. Don't ask us questions if you can not comply with the rule above, to send your full name and address.

J. F. L., Manhattan, Kan.: All general legislation since 1861, that has benefited the people at large, has also benefited the farmers. Legislation is for all the people, not for a class or a part of them. The howls of the mangy little newspapers whose editors are without education and reason should not disgust you, nor any other intelligent man.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: Many so-called "detective" agencies, which advertise for men to join them "to do detective work in their own localities," are mere humbugs. The government alone can invest a man with any real power as a police officer; and the class of agencies we speak of merely look to getting a fee out of their dupes. There are, of course, real detective agencies, but they don't advertise for raw, untrained men to join their ranks. They select men who have had experience in such work on the police force of a city.

Talmage's Sermon.

"NEVER TURN BACK," HE SAYS.

The Two Daughters-in-Law of Naomi—The Orpahs of the World—Why They Do Not Become Christians.

BROOKLYN, June 22.—Dr. Talmage gives another evidence of his genius in his sermon for to-day. The Book of Ruth has furnished the subject for many sermons, but they have naturally been concerned with the central character of that beautiful story; it remained for the popular Brooklyn divine to find in the character of the less conspicuous widow material for spiritual lessons. His text is Ruth i, 14: "And they lifted up their voices and wept, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." Following is the sermon:

Moab was a heathen land. Naomi is about to leave it and go into the land of Bethlehem. She has two daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah, who conclude to go with her. Naomi tells them they had better not leave their native land and undertake the hardships of the journey, but they will not be persuaded. They all three start out on their journey. After awhile, Naomi, although she highly prized the company of her two daughters-in-law, attempted again to persuade them to go back because of the hardship and self-denial through which they would be obliged to go. Ruth responds in the words from which I once discoursed to you: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people and thy God my God, where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me." Not so with her sister Orpah. Her determination had already been shaken. The length and peril of the journey began to appall her, and she had worshiped the gods of Moab so long that it was hard to give them up. From that point Orpah turned back, the parting being described in the words of my text: "And they lifted up their voice and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her."

Learn from this story of Orpah that some of those who do not leave the Moab of their iniquities are persons of fine susceptibility. It was compassion for her mother-in-law which aroused sorrow that led Orpah to start with her toward Bethlehem. It was not because of any lack of affection for her that she turned back. We know this from the grief exhibited at parting. I do not know but that she had as much warmth and ardor of nature as Ruth, but she lacked the courage and persistency of her sister. That there are many people with as fine susceptibility as Orpah who will not take up their cross and follow Christ is the sad truth which needs but little demonstration. Many of those who have become the followers of Jesus have but very little natural impressibility. Grace often takes hold of the hardest heart and the most unlovely character and transforms it. It is a hammer that breaks rocks. In this Christ often shows his power.

Oh, how many, like Orpah, have warm affections, and yet never become Christians? Like Orpah, they know how to weep, but they do not know how to pray. Their fineness of feeling leads them into the friendship of the world, but not into communion with God. They can love everybody but him, who is altogether lovely. All other sorrow rends their heart, but they are untouched by the woes of a dying Christ. Good news fill them with excitement, but the glad tiding of great joy and salvation stir not their soul. Anxious to do what is right, yet they rob God. Grateful for the slightest favors, they make no return to him who wrung out the last drop of blood from his heart to deliver them from going down to the pit. They would weep at the door of a prison at the sight of a wicked captive in chains, but have no compassion for their souls over which Satan, like a grim jailer, holds the lock and key.

Again, the history of Orpah impresses upon me the truth that there are many who make a good starting, but after awhile change their minds and turn back. When these three mourners start from their home in Moab there is as much probability that Orpah will reach Bethlehem as that her sister Ruth and her mother-in-law Naomi will arrive there. But while these continue in the journey they commenced, Orpah after awhile gets discouraged and turns back. This is the history of many a soul. Perhaps it was during a revival of religion they resolved upon a Christian life, and made preparations to leave Moab. Before that they were indifferent to the sanctuary; churches were necessary evils. The minister almost always preached poor sermons, because they had not the heart to hear them. They thought the bread was not good because their appetite was poor. Religious books did very well for invalids and the aged, but they had no desire for it. Suddenly a change came upon their soul. They found that something must be done. Every night there was a thorn in their pillow. There was gall in their wine. They found that their pleasures were only false lights of a swamp that rise out of decay and death. Losing their self-control, they were startled by their own prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

With Ruth and Naomi, weeping Orpah started for the land of Bethlehem. They longed for the Sabbath to come. Straight as an arrow to the mark the sermon struck them. They thought the minister must have heard of their case and was preaching right at them. They thought the sermon was very short, nor did they once coil themselves up in their pew with their eyes shut and head averted with an air of unmoved dignity. They began to pray with an earnestness that astonished themselves and astonished others. Shoving the plane or writing up accounts or walking the street when you might have thought their mind entirely upon the world, they were saying within themselves "Oh that I were a Christian!" Orpah is fully started on the road to Bethlehem. Christain friends observing the religious anxiety of the awakened soul say, "he must certainly be a Christian. There is another soldier in Christ's ranks, another siek one has been cured of the leprosy." The observers turn their attention another way: they say, "Orpah is safe enough, she has gone to Bethlehem."

Alas! Alas! Starting out for heaven is a very different thing from arriving there. Remember Lot's wife. She looked back with longing to the place from which she came, and was destroyed. Half way between Sodom and the city of Refuge that strange storm comes upon her, and its salt and brimstone gather on her garments until they are so stiffened she cannot proceed, nor can she lie down, because of this dreadful wrapping around her garments and limbs; and long after her life has gone she still stands there so covered up by the strange storm that she is called a pillar of salt, as some sailor on ship's deck in the wintry tempest stands covered with a mail of ice. Ten thousand times ten thousand men have been destroyed half way between Sodom and the city of Refuge. Orpah might as well never have started as afterwards to turn back. Yet multitudes have walked in her footsteps. Go among those the least interested in sacred things and you will find that they were once out of the land of Moab. Every one of them prayed right heartily and studied their Bibles; and frequented the sanctuary, but Lot's wife looked back wistfully to Sodom, and Orpah retreated from the company of Ruth and Naomi. It is an impressive thought that after Orpah had gone so far as actually to look over into the land of Bethlehem she turned back and died in Moab.

Again: Let our subject impress upon us the truth that those who have once felt it their duty to leave their natural state cannot give up their duty and go back to hardness of heart without a struggle. After Orpah had thoroughly made up her mind to go back to the place from which she started, she went through the sad scene of parting with Ruth and Naomi. My text says: "They lifted up their voices and wept." Ah, my hearers, it requires more decision and perseverance to stay away from the kingdom of God than to enter it! Although she did not know it, Orpah passed through a greater struggle in turning back into the land of Moab than would have been necessary to take her clear through to Bethlehem. No man ought to think of undertaking to go back into Moab after having come within sight of Bethlehem unless he have a heart that cannot be made to quake, and a sure foot that will not slip among the infinite perils, and an arm that can drive back the Son of God, who stands in the center of the broad road spreading out his arms and shouting into the ear of the thoughtless pilgrim, "Stop! Stop!"

We talk about taking up the cross and following Jesus, but that cross is not half so heavy as the burden which the sinner carries. It is a very solemn thing to be a Christian, but it is a more solemn thing not to be a Christian. There are multitudes who, afraid of the self-denials of the Christian, rush into the harder self-denials of the unbeliever. No yoke but Christ's, however tight and galling! Orpah goes back to her idolaties, but she returns weeping; and all who follow her will find the same sorrows. Just in proportion as gospel advantages have been numerous will be the disturbance of the heart that will not come to Christ.

The Bible says, in regard to the place where Christ was buried: "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher," and in the midst of the most flowery enjoyments of the unpardoned there is a chilliness of death. Although they may pull out the arrows that strike their soul from the Almighty's quiver, there remain a sting and a smarting. If men wrench themselves away from Christ they will find the mark of his hand by which he would have rescued them. The pleasures of the world may give temporary relief from the upbraidings of conscience, but are like stupefying drugs that dull the pain only temporarily.

Again: This subject teaches that a religious choice and the want of it frequently divide families. Ruth and Orpah and Naomi were tenderly attached. They were all widows, and their life had been consecrated by a baptism of tears. In the fire of trial their affections had been forged. Together they were so pleasantly united, you can hardly imagine them separated. Yet a fatal line is drawn dividing them from each other, perhaps forever. Naomi can not live in a heathen country. She must go into Bethlehem that there among the pious she may worship the true God. Ruth makes a similar choice, but Orpah rebels. "And they lifted up their voices and wept again, and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." The history of this family of Elimelech is the history of many families of this day. How often it is that in a circle of relatives, while they look alike, and walk alike, and talk alike, there is a tremendous difference. Outwardly united in the affectional relations of this life, they are separated in the most important respects. Some now are the children of light, and others the children of darkness. These are alive in Christ, and those are dead in sin. Ruth in the land of Bethlehem, and Orpah in Moab.

Again: This subject suggests to me two of the prominent reasons why people refuse the kingdom of Christ. There may have been many other reasons why Orpah left her sister and mother-in-law, and went back home, but there were two of the reasons which I think were more prominent than the rest. She had been brought up in idolatries. She loved the heathen gods which her ancesters had worshiped, and, though these blocks of wood and stone could not hear, she thought they could hear, and, though they could not see, she thought they could see, and, though they could not feel, she thought they could feel. A new religion had been brought to her attention. She had married a godly man. She must often have heard her mother-in-law talk of the God of Israel. She was so much shaken in her original belief that she concluded to leave her idolatries; but, coming to the margin of the land of Bethlehem, her determination failed her, and speedily she returned to her gods. This is the very reason why multitudes of persons never become Christians. They can not bear to give up their gods. Burden not, Christ! Like Orpah, they know how to weep, but they do not know how to pray. Their fineness of feeling leads them into the friendship of the world, but not into communion with God. They can love everybody but him, who is altogether lovely. All other sorrow rends their heart, but they are untouched by the woes of a dying Christ. Good news fill them with excitement, but the glad tiding of great joy and salvation stir not their soul. Anxious to do what is right, yet they rob God. Grateful for the slightest favors, they make no return to him who wrung out the last drop of blood from his heart to deliver them from going down to the pit. They would weep at the door of a prison at the sight of a wicked captive in chains, but have no compassion for their souls over which Satan, like a grim jailer, holds the lock and key.

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There are many who have no unholy thirst for gold, yet who are devoting themselves to their worldly occupations with a ruinous intensity. Men of the stock exchange, men of the yardstick, men of the saw, men of the trowel, of the counter, of the daybook, what will become of you, if unforgiven, in the great day when there are no houses to build, and no goods to sell, and no bargains to make? It is possible to devote oneself even to a lawful calling until it becomes sinful. There is no excuse on the earth or under the earth for the neglect of our deathless spirit. Lydia was a seller of purple, yet she did not allow her extensive occupation to keep her from becoming a Christian. Daniel was secretary of state and attorney general in the empire of Babylon, and yet three times a day he found time to pray with his face towards Jerusalem. The man who has no time to attend to religion will have no time to enter heaven.

But there are others who, while their worldly occupation has no particular fascination over them, are entirely absorbed in the gains that come to that occupation. This is the worship of Mammon. The ring of dollars and cents is the only litany they ever utter. Though in the last day the earth itself will not be worth a farthing, a heap of ashes scattered in the whirlwind, they are now giving their time and eternity for the acquisition of so much of it as you might at last hold in the hollow of one hand. The American Indian who gave enough land to make a state out of, for a string of beads, made a princely bargain compared with the speculation of that man who gains the whole world and loses his own soul.

But it was not only the gods of Moab that made Orpah leave her sister and mother-in-law. She doubtless had a dread of the hardship to which they would be exposed on the journey to Bethlehem, and Orpah was not alone in the fear. Doubtless some of you have been appalled and driven back by the self-denials of the Christian life. The taunt of the world, the charge of hypocrisy which they would sometimes be obliged to confront, has kept many away from the land of Bethlehem. They spend their life in counting the cost, and because a Christian life demands so much courage and faith, they dare not begin to build. Perhaps they are courageous in every other respect. They are not timid in presence of any danger except that of trusting in the infinite mercy of Christ. The sheep are more afraid of the shepherd than of the wolves. They shrink away from the presence of Christ as though he were a tyrant rather than a friend who sticketh closer than a brother. They feel more safe in the ranks of the enemy where they must suffer infinite defeat, than in the army of Christ which shall be more than conquerors, through him that hath loved them. Men shi

flour men present at the millers' convention think that they discern more interest as shown by consumers, and are hopeful of a good demand setting in very soon. A local miller of bullish proclivities, to-day remarked that it was in this very direction that he found reason for holding to the bull side of the market. Sales of flour for the week have been light, and were in small lots, mostly for territory west of New England.

Prices are 15@20 cents lower, and some firms have had a trifle of inquiry from abroad for patents, a few sales being effected, for London, at about 20s 6d. Nearly every one is pretty well sold ahead on bakers', and if patents could be moved more freely, there would be a greater disposition to increase the production. Low grades are in very good demand at fair prices. Freight rates are gradually declining, and are at a point quite favorable to exporting.

The export shipments for the week were 15,030 bbls., against 11,000 bbls. the preceding week. London quotations for 280 pounds c. i. f., are: Patents, 20s 6d@20s; bakers', 22s 6d@23s 6d; low grades, 11s 9d@13s. Wheat receipts for the week ending June 17, were 298,160 bushels. Shipments—wheat, 97,500 bush.; flour, 52,656 bbls.; millstuff, 1,770 tons.

CROP REPORTS.

Illinois Sends Her Bulletin Along the Line.

The crop bulletin issued by the Illinois State department of Agriculture on June 24, says: The reports of the crop correspondents concerning sowing winter wheat do not materially differ from the bulletin published from this department June 1, at which time it was apparent to the wheat grower that the most favorable conditions until harvest would make little improvement in the prospects.

In the winter wheat belt of the state, May 1, the average condition was reported at 75, and June 20, the same section reports a condition of only 61 per cent of an average, a decline of 14 per cent since May 1. In the central division, where the bulk of the winter wheat is raised, the condition is 55 per cent of an average for June 20, a drop of 18 per cent.

In the southern division 67 per cent of an average condition is reported—a drop of 11 per cent since May 1. The damage done to the wheat by the Hessian fly cannot be estimated. Nothing short of the harvest will convey even an approximate idea of the loss from this source. In many localities where there was no sign of this devastating pest until within the last ten days it has made its appearance and is doing much damage.

The oat crop in the northern division is up to the average; the central division about two-thirds of an average crop is promised, while the crop in the southern division will be almost an entire failure. The grain plant louse made its appearance about June 1, and is daily increasing the area to be reported a failure in this section of the state. The area seeded to corn is some larger than that of last season, when 6,988,000 acres were devoted to this crop. The condition for the state over is 91 per cent of an average for June 20.

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Changes Made in It by the Senate Committee.

A full meeting of the Senate finance committee was held June 18, at which the chairman, Mr. Morrill was authorized by a strict party vote to report the tariff bill with amendments.

A member of the committee, says that with the exception of the wool and agricultural schedules, the bill is almost identically the same as the bill of the Senate finance committee reported in 1888. No formal report accompanied the bill, nor is it certain that any will be prepared.

A statement will be reported to the Senate as soon as it can be prepared, showing the effect of the provisions of the bill upon the receipts of customs, as compared with the receipts under the present law and those estimated under the House bill.

It is the understanding that the debate on the bill will not begin until about July 1, in order that ample time may be given for study of the bill. A member of the Finance committee says that the Democrats intimated that if opportunity were given in advance to study the schedules, the debate would be materially curtailed. The principal changes made by the committee were in the earthenware, metal, agriculture, flax, hemp and jute and sundries schedules. The tobacco schedule also was unchanged.

The following are the principal changes made by the Senate committee in the tariff bill:

The glassware classifications are changed and a large general reduction made. Steel rails, reduced from $28.44 to $11.20 per ton; mica and crude nickel are put on the free list; sawed boards $1 per 1,000 feet instead of $1.50. No bounty is to be given for less than 500 pounds of sugar annually; and sugars between thirteen and sixteen Dutch standard pay a duty of three-tenths cents per pound. Sugars above sixteen pay six-tenths instead of four-tenths cents per pound. Tobacco is unchanged. Slight reductions are made in many items in the agricultural schedule, and exporters of meat are not allowed rebate on salt used in curing meats. Natural effervescing mineral waters are made free. The duty on cotton manufactures is reduced all through the schedule, also in the flax, hemp and jute schedule. Only slight changes are made in wool, the principal one being to correct a typographical error, that the House refused to correct. The bounty for silk and silk cocoons raised and reeled in the United States is stricken out, and buttons except agate, pearl and shell are made dutiable as manufactures of the material of which they are composed—a large reduction. Works of art are taken from the free list and made dutiable at 30 per cent. ad valorem. The limitation of $500 as the value of wearing apparel a person may bring into the United States is stricken out.

NOMINATIONS.

The Latest Appointments to Office by the President.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on June 19:

George J. Collins, postmaster at Brooklyn, N. Y. To be United States consuls—William Newell, of Washington, at Managua; Edward D. Ropes, jr., of Massachusetts, at Zanzibar. To be postmasters—James Buckley, at Petoskey, Mich.; Lewis V. Curry, at Fenton, Mich.; Frank S. Johnson, at Bradford, Pa.; Judson A. Elliott, at Mansfield, Pa. Receivers of Public Moneys—Charls M. Ogden, at Seattle, Wash.; Wm. H. Rusk, at Olympia, Wash.; Frank M. Dallam, at Waterville, Wash.; John W. Clark, at Independence, Cal. Registers of Land Offices—John S. Lawrence, at Waterville, Wash.; George C. Mills, at Olympia, Wash.; Robert C. Rogers, Commissioner of Indians, district of Alabama, to reside at Sitka; Perin P. Palmer, agent for the Indians of the Cheyenne river agency, South Dakota.

Brooklyn's Postmaster.

The President on June 18, sent to the Senate the following nomination: George J. Collins, postmaster at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver Bill to be Non-Concurred In.

The House committee on coinage, weights and measures, held a meeting on June 24 on the Senate amendments to the silver bill. The committee decided by a vote of six to five to recommend non-concurrence in the Senate amendments, and to ask the House to order a conference. Messrs. Walker and Mutchler were absent from the meeting.

The House committee on Rules arranged to have a final vote taken in the House at 2 o'clock on June 25 upon the report of the Coinage committee recommending non-concurrence in the Senate amendments to the silver bill and requesting a conference, and the House immediately adopted the committee report.

A Tilt in the House.

After the journal had been read in the House Mr. Springer, of Illinois, called attention to the fact that it showed that the legislative appropriation bill, as amended by the Senate, had been referred to the Appropriations committee, without reference to the House. He said that if anything had been decided in the case of the silver bill, it was that the reference should be made in open House, and that the bill should have gone to the committee of the whole.

The speaker said the usual custom had been followed; that the record only duly informed the House of the references, and therefore declared the journal approved.

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, presented the report of the Appropriation committee upon the Senate amendments to the legislative bill.

He said that in the case of the inconsequential amendments the committee recommended concurrence, but where salaries were increased or new offices created the committee recommended nonconcurrence.

THE DISABILITY PENSION BILL.

The Conference Report Has Been Adopted by the Senate and the Measure Now Goes to the President.

TOLEDO BLADE BUREAU, WASHINGTON, June 24. — (Special.) — The dependent pension bill now goes to President Harrison, and only requires his signature to become a law. Yesterday afternoon the conference report was taken up and Mr. Berry made a speech against it. The practical effect of it would be, he said, to put 90 per cent of the Union soldiers on the pension roll. It was really a service pension bill, and the chairman of the committee on Pensions (Mr. Davis) could not deny that. He believed that under the operations of the pending measure the annual pension bill would be $200,000,000; and the cry would still be for more. And yet no Northern Senator nor Representative dared to stand up in opposition to a pension bill. Northern Democrats and Northern Republicans contended with each other as to which would go furthest to satisfy these demands. If any southern Senator or Representative dared to oppose a pension bill he was assailed by both friend and foe. He was told on the one side that he would injure his party, and on the other side he was denounced as a traitor who had no right to announce any opinion on the subject of pensions. He did not believe in that "stand and deliver" manner of legislation. He was opposed to such an indiscriminate payment of pensions, and he was opposed to the pending bill, which was a service pension bill in disguise.

Mr. Gorman also opposed the conference report. He estimated that the expenditures of the bill would aggregate $78,673,054. When that was added to the $125,000,000 of pension expenditure under existing law, it would seem that, in fact, the treasury was bankrupted. There would not be money enough to pay these pension charges and the ordinary expenses of the government. He was not opposed to liberal and fair provision for the soldiers of the country, but prodigality and extravagance in the matter of pensions would leave the treasury bankrupt in 1891.

Mr. Davis, chairman of the committee on pensions, replied to the arguments of Mr. Berry and Mr. Gorman. He said that Mr. Berry had been a consistent opponent of pension legislation for the benefit of union soldiers, and that what he had said to-day was in the direct line of what he had said on other occasions. Mr. Davis denied the correctness of Mr. Gorman's figures and said that the expenditures under the bill would be about $40,000,000. He denied that the pending bill was a service pension bill and asserted that it was a disability bill, pure and simple. When the Senate reflected with what promises those men had been sent out to save the country; when it reflected that hundreds of thousands had had from three to five of the best years of their lives subtracted from them, there should not be set up as an obstacle to the performance of the Senate's duty a mere question of the expense to the treasury. Ways and means should be provided to meet all just obligations to those men, checking them when their demands went too far.

Mr. Gorman said that if the bill became a law there would be a deficit of $100,000,000 in 1892; and that, even if it did not become a law, there would be a deficit of $40,000,000. He said that the remarks which he had made were for the purpose of calling attention to the vast Republican leader (Mr. Blaine)—"the greatest leader that the party had had in his day and generation"—had said as to the extravagance of appropriations and as to unthoughtful and unwise legislation in the matter of pensions. He complimented Mr. Davis for the courage with which he had stemmed the tide of demagogues and of claim agents, and prevented the reporting of a bill that would have cost $150,000,000 a year.

Mr. Ingalls advocated the conference report. This was an obligation just as sacred as that under which the soldier was paid. And yet the Senate was asked to postpone it; to haggle and haggle about it; to take out the slate and pencil and computate how much could be pared and saved from the other expenses of the government in order to meet that sacred obligation. He was sure that the senator from Maryland did not want to occupy that attitude. For himself he was in favor of the removal of the limitation in the act granting arrears of pensions. He did not care whether it cost $100,000,000 or a billion.

Mr. Teller declared that no disbursements of the government met with more universal favor and approval than the paying of pensions.

Mr. Vest spoke of the monstrous abuse that had grown up under the pension system and declared his belief that the pending bill was being pressed for political motives. He asserted that the pension list was unduly swollen in the State of Indiana because it was a political state, and its vote was necessary to elect a President. And he prophesied that the people of the United States would revolt against the pension system and its abuses.

Mr. Turpie said he had not heard of any charges in Indiana against the administration of the Pension bureau, and that he was not prepared to say that political bias had anything to do with the granting or refusing of pensions.

Mr. Hawley expressed the hope that the soldiers would not get the idea, from what had been said to-day, that the Senate was favorable to the payment of arrears of pensions or to the equalization of bounties, or to the payment of the difference between paper money and gold. He thought that altogether too much was said about what the nation owed to its soldiers. Under no circumstances would he be very sorry and ashamed to be called upon to say how much the nation owed him in dollars. The prominent feeling in his state was that the needy soldier should not suffer, but that nothing should be wasted on a man who did not need a pension for his support. The true soldiers of the republic did not want to have money wasted. They wanted to have their suffering comrades aided; and they wanted the glory of having fought for their country, without respect to monetary considerations.

Finally the discussion closed and the vote was taken.

The conference report was agreed to, yeas 34, nays 18, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Blair, Call, Casey, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dawes, Dixon, Dolph, Edmunds, Evarts, Farwell, Frye, Hale, Hawley, Hearst, Higgins, Hoar, Ingalls, Manderson, Moody, Piddock, Pettigrew, Pierce, Platt, Plumb, Power, Sanders, Sawyer, Spooner, Teller, Turpie, Washburn—34.

Nays—Messrs. Barbour, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Colquitt, George, Gibson, Harris, Kenna, McPherson, Morgan, Pasco, Payne, Pugh, Reagan, Vance, Vest, Walthall—18.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

The Bill to Give Them Aid Passed the Senate.

Just before the pension conference report was presented in the Senate, Monday, the agricultural college aid bill was passed. It appropriates annually out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated arising from the sales of public lands to be paid to each state and territory for the more complete endowment and maintenance of colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts now established, or which may be hereafter established in accordance with an act of Congress approved July 2, 1862, the sum of $15,000 for the year ending June 30, 1890, and an annual increase of the amount of such appropriation thereafter for ten years by an additional sum of $1,000 over the preceding year and the annual amount to be paid thereafter to each state and territory shall be $25,000; provided, that no money shall be paid out under this act to any State or territory for the support and maintenance of a college where a distinction of race or color is made in the admission of students, but the establishment and maintenance of such colleges separately for white and colored students shall be held to be a compliance with the provisions of this act; and also provided, that in any state in which there has been one agricultural college established under the act of 1862, and in which also there is or may be an educational institution of like character for colored students, aided by the state from its own revenue (however named or styled), there shall be a just and equitable division of the fund to be received under this act, made by the legislature.

Saw Logs Can Come in Free.

Congress having amended the tariff bill reducing the duty on lumber to $1 per 1,000 feet board measure, the Dominion government will now remove the export duty on saw logs as soon as the United States tariff bill becomes a law, and the duty on lumber definitely fixed at $1 per 1,000 feet. Canada will fulfill her side of the bargain, and a proclamation will be issued removing the export duty on saw logs.

CUSTOMS UNION.

Secretary Blaine's Letter on the Subject to the President.

President Harrison has transmitted to Congress a letter from Secretary Blaine upon the subject of customs union and the recommendations in respect thereof by the Pan-American conference. Secretary Blaine suggests an amendment to the tariff bill authorizing the President to declare the ports of the United States free to the products of any American nation upon which no export duties are charged so long as such nation shall admit free to its ports the manufactures and products of the United States. The President in transmitting the communication says:

It has been so often and persistently stated that our tariff laws offered an insurmountable barrier to a large exchange of products with the Latin-American nations that I deem it proper to call especial attention to the fact that more than 87 per cent of the products of those nations sent to our ports are now admitted free. If sugar is placed upon the free list practically every important article exported from those states will be given untaxed to our markets except wool. The real difficulty in the way of negotiating profitable reciprocity treaties is that we have given freely so much that would have had value in the mutual concessions which such treaties imply.

I cannot doubt, however, that the present advantages which the products of these near and friendly states enjoy in our markets—though they are not, by law, exclusive—will, with other considerations favorably dispose them to adopt such measures, by treaty, or otherwise, as will tend to equalize and greatly enlarge our mutual exchanges. It will certainly be time enough to consider whether we must cheapen the cost of production by cheapening labor in order to gain access to the South American markets, when we have fairly tried the effect of established and reliable steamship communication and of convenient methods of money exchanges. There can be no doubt, I think, that with these facilities well established, and with a rebate of duties upon imported raw materials used in the manufacture of goods for export, our merchants will be able to compete in the ports of the Latin-American nations with those of any other country. If, after the congress shall have acted upon the pending tariff legislation, it shall appear that under the general treaty-making power, or under any special powers given by law, our trade with the states represented in the conference can be enlarged upon a basis of material advantage, it will be promptly done.

In the Senate Mr. Hale introduced the following resolution on June 20:

And the President of the United States is hereby authorized, without further legislation, to declare the ports of the United States free and open to all the products of any nation of the American hemisphere upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports, free of all national, provincial (state), municipal and other taxes, flour, corn meal and other breadstuffs, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cotton seed oil, rice and other provisions, including all articles of food, lumber, furniture, and all other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, mining and mechanical machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars, refined petroleum, or such other products of the United States as may be agreed upon.

A Short Message.

The President has sent to the Senate the following message:

In response to the resolution of the senate of the 16th instant, relating to the negotiations by the Cherokee commission for the purchase of certain lands in the Indian territory, I respectfully state that on the 20th day of May and the 12th day of June, respectively, agreements were signed by the Iowa and Sac and Fox tribes, ceding to the United States certain of their lands.

The contracts and accompanying papers were received at the Interior department on the 23d and 14th days of June, respectively, and are now under examination by the proper officers of that department. When these examinations are concluded the papers will, if found conformable to law, be submitted to Congress.

Two Men Rejected.

The Senate spent an hour in executive session on June 18, during which time two nominees of President Harrison who were appointed more than a year ago were rejected. They were John B. Eaves, collector of internal revenue, for the fifth district of North Carolina, and H. Harvey Schoch, postmaster at Selins Grove, Pa.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—In the Senate the silver bill was passed.

House—The sundry civil appropriation bill passed.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Tariff bill reported back in the Senate, as was also the river and harbor bill, and the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill was discussed.

The House was in committee of the whole on the Indian appropriation bill, and passed it. A message was received from the Senate announcing the passage of the silver bill. The bill was received and referred to the committee on coinage, weights and measures.

WASHINGTON, June 19.—The legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill was considered, and the Senate listened to eulogies on the deceased New York members—Nutting and Wilber.

In the House Mr. Mills moved that the reference in the journal of the silver bill to the committee on coinage, weights and measures be expunged, and his motion prevailed.

Washington, June 20.—In the Senate the consular and diplomatic appropriation bills reported back, after which the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bill was passed.

The House spent the day in discussing the status of the silver bill.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—In the Senate the House bill, supplementary to the act of March 3, 1887, in reference to bigamists, was taken up and passed. It provides that all funds or property lately belonging to the Mormon church shall be devoted to the use and benefit of the common schools in that state.

In the House Speaker Reed, in a lengthy explanation, again referred the silver bill to the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, and was sustained.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—The Agricultura College bill was passed by the Senate, and the conference report on the dependent pension bill was adopted. The bill now goes to the President.

In the House, the conference report on the general pension appropriation bill was agreed to.

WORK OF CANNIBALS.

A Hair Splitting Tale From the Northwest.

A. E. Rexham, of Victoria, B. C., who is now in this city, had a remarkable experience with the Nahwitti Indians a few weeks ago. He says:

During a hunting trip in British Columbia we accidentally ran across a tribe of the Nahwitti Indians in the midst of a cannibal feast. While cannibalism is prohibited by the Dominion government, so little pains is taken to carry out this law that the savages still follow their old customs.

When we came upon the Indians they were having a wild time. In the center was an immense log fire, and about the blaze were some half hundred savages dressed and painted in the brightest colors. There were several naked dancers, and about a dozen were beating accompaniments on their weird songs. Every little while the fire would flare up, and fresh meat would be thrown upon the logs.

Three or four bodies were cooked and eaten while we were there, and I was afraid that there was not enough to go around and that some of us would be chosen, but they seldom kill strangers. These Indians are continually fighting among themselves, and there are always three or four bodies ready for the feast. When we were noticed, one of the braves pointed to us and denounced the government for forbidding them from eating their dead.

As he talked of the bad treatment shown the Indians the savages became excited, and more than once we came near being thrown on the burning logs. Two of the braves made a dash for us, but the old chiefs restrained them from violence. All night long the Indians kept up their orgies, and when morning came you can bet that we got out with haste.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The Sixth Annual Convention in Session in Pittsburg.

The sixth International Sunday-school convention assembled at Pittsburg, on June 24, with nearly 1,200 delegates present from all parts of North America, every state and territory being represented, and all the British provinces, including Prince Edward's island and New Brunswick, with the possible exception of Manitoba. The convention was called to order by William Reynolds, of Peru, Ills.

The session opened with devotional exercises conducted by Pres. Reynolds and George C. Stebbins, of Brooklyn. The enrollment of delegates then followed, after which the president appointed the various committees.

This convention is the most important ever held in Pittsburg. The delegates represent 113,897 Sunday-schools with 178,301 teachers and 9,149,997 scholars. Every evangelical protestant denomination in the United States and territories and British provinces is represented. Its object is three-fold.

First, for the promotion and increase of Sunday school work until every child in the vast territory represented is reached. Second, the improved quality of the Sunday school and to suggest and devise new and better methods of reaching and teaching the children; and third, to furnish the world with uniform Sunday school lessons.

GENERAL NEWS.

AN ILLINOIS TORNADO

Brings Death and Destruction in Its Wake—Fearful Damage.

A terrible cyclone and cloudburst occurred about five miles north of Earlville, Illinois, on June 20 which resulted in terrible loss of life and property, no less than fifteen people being killed and a number of houses and barns entirely demolished.

The storm came from the southwest, from the vicinity of Sublette, and had apparently spent its fury when it reached the vicinity of the Fields schoolhouse, a new building standing at the southwest of the Four Corners. At this time a black cloud, driven from the northwest, swept up and gave the cyclone renewed energy.

The fury of the storm was awful. In a second the whirling tempest had struck the little school-house, and in an instant the building was torn to pieces. At the time there were but eight persons in the school-room, and as the storm was heard coming up, they attempted to rush outside to seek safety in the open air.

It was too late, however, for the death-dealing tempest was upon them, and not one escaped to tell the fearful experience of that moment. The teacher, Miss Maggie McBride, and her seven pupils were instantly killed and their bodies were carried some distance. All were fearfully bruised and some were crushed and pounded almost beyond recognition.

Leaving the schoolhouse the storm swept onward in a direction almost straight north, destroying everything in its path. Occasionally it lifted, but the whole country from near Earlville to Paw Paw, in Lee county is marked with ruin. At least fifty farm houses and other buildings were wrecked and eight more persons killed.

All buildings, fences, orchards and crops were ruined, and the damage done was very great. Even the forests were unable to resist the terrible force of the wind, and hugh trees were torn up bodily or broken down as if they had been but reeds.

The cyclone continued increasing in violence until it reached the village of Paw Paw Grove, where the greatest destruction of life and property was caused. This thriving village was struck by the storm and left in ruins. The loss of life was here very great, and it is reported that seventeen persons were killed and many severely injured.

Twenty houses were torn to pieces, and the eastern portion of the town was entirely wiped out. After the storm had passed, the work of rescue began. The bodies of some of the victims had been carried hundreds of yards, and some of them were mangled almost beyond recognition.

Not a thing was left standing in the path of the cyclone, and where once stood a score of comfortable homes there was nothing but scattered ruins.

The Cyclone Still at Large.

Pleasanton, a town of about 200 inhabitants situated on the Union Pacific about twenty miles north of Kearney, was struck by a cyclone on June 22. Nearly every house in the place was destroyed or badly damaged, but no one was killed so far as reported. The landlady of a hotel was badly hurt and a druggist from Bertrand was struck on the head by a flying board and seriously wounded.

Heavy Rain Fall.

Another storm of unusual severity visited Belvidere, Ill., on June 22. Rain fell in torrents and the lightning was terrific. The Chicago & Northwestern tracks west of there were again washed out for the second time in two weeks and trains were all delayed. A miniature tornado, accompanied by a heavy hailstorm, did considerable damage a few miles north of the city. Trees were torn up by the roots and other damage was done.

BOUGHT A DEAD HORSE.

The English Syndicate Got Nipped on the Stock Yards.

A statement is published in Chicago to the effect that the English syndicate, which has just bought the Union stock-yards in that city, is likely to find it a poor investment. It has been recognized by the stockyards company for some time that the encroachments of the city would soon render a removal desired, if not absolutely necessary.

Accordingly a syndicate, including the stock yards company and a number of railroads, was formed, which bought a tract of ground nine miles square, some eight or ten miles southwest of this city. On this tract it is proposed to lay out large stock yards and freight switching yards, to serve in the capacity of a clearing house for all freight handled by all of the railroads running into this city.

Having made sure of all the preliminaries in this direction, it is said that the stock yards company began negotiations for the sale of its present property with the result already known. Having completed the sale, it is said that the old company will develop its new scheme and begin active competition for the business of which the present yards have for many years enjoyed a lucrative monopoly.

OHIO PROHIBS.

The Platform Adopted by the Columbus Convention.

The Ohio Prohibition state convention met at Columbus on June 18, and on the 19th the temporary officers were made permanent. Resolutions were adopted decrying the recognition of the liquor business, and demanding that Congress and the legislature enact laws prohibiting its manufacture or transportation between states when to be used as intoxicants.

The platform also contains planks decrying child labor, recommending shortening of the hours of labor, favoring a free coinage of silver, a secret ballot, and a tariff for revenue only.

The following ticket was nominated: Secretary of state, Rev. M. C. Lockwood, Hamilton county; supreme judge, C. J. Ross, Highland; member board of public works, J. M. Scott, Licking county.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

GLADSTONE IS ON TOP.

Goschen's Pet Scheme Has Been Knocked in the Head.

During the sitting of the House of Commons on June 23, Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith, the government leader, announced that the government had decided to withdraw the licensing clauses of the local taxation bill.

Comment on the Government's Latest Shifting of the Cut.

The London *Times*, commenting upon the government's change of programme with reference to the license bill, says: The government has again shifted ground, and have given their enemies the right to say that they know neither their own minds nor the minds of their followers. There is no reason to suppose that the obstructive tactics of the opposition will be in the slightest degree relaxed owing to the concessions which Mr. Smith ingeniously supposes will end the controversy."

The *Chronicle* says the government made the announcement only under pressure of a diminishing majority and the well grounded fear of impending defeat.

The *Standard* says: "The ministers cannot flatter themselves with having purchased the good-will of their opponents. All they can hope is that they have made it easy for their professed adherents, who have hitherto viewed the bill with dislike or indifference, to give them cordial and sustained assistance in forcing the measure through parliament."

She Will Be Dead to the World.

Madame Tschbrikova, whose recent letter to the Czar protesting against the system of government prevailing in Russia led to her arrest, has been removed to the village of Yarensk, in the remote northern part of Vologda. Fifteen other prisoners were also sent to Yarensk with Madame Tschbrikova.

Mercier Sustained.

The elections for the province of Quebec were held on June 17. They resulted in the Mercier government being sustained by an increased majority. The standing of the parties is as follows: Ministerialists, 48; Oppositionists, 23.

Revolutionary Indications.

A dispatch from Buenos Ayres says that revolutionary agitation has started in Entre Rios, a province of the Argentine Republic, and is increasing.

THE CHOLERA.

What the Surgeon General Thinks of its Crossing the Ocean.

Supervising Surgeon General John B. Hamilton, when asked how serious the outbreak of cholera at Puebla de Rugat, in Southern Spain, was likely to be, and what the chances were of its spreading beyond its present confines, replied:

"The indications are that it is the real Asiatic article that has made its appearance in Southern Spain.

"The locality is one subject to such visitations, as was the case in 1885. The cholera is liable at any time to enter Europe via the Spanish peninsula, and it is generally taken there from Tunis or Tripoli. How it has reached Spain this time is a question yet to be solved.

"Cholera was reported in 1889 from Bagdad, Constantinople, the Philippine Islands, Persia and Mesopotamia. It was a very severe epidemic in Asiatic Turkey and Persia. Its decadence was noted in October, 1889, but it was not finally pronounced extinct until much later in the year.

"As to the prospect of its spreading, I should say that it may overrun Spain, though it is to be hoped that it will not, but with careful and prompt precautionary measures, it ought not to be allowed to cross the Pyrenees, and I have no doubt steps will be taken by the French sanitary officials that will prevent its taking root in France. There may be a few sporadic cases, as in 1885, but it will be controlled.

"The fact is, the existence of cholera is one of the blots on this intelligent era. There should be no such disease. It is susceptible to control and extermination, and yet it always exists at Calcutta to a greater or less extent.

"Should it become epidemic in Spain there are two channels of communication by which it might reach us—through the continental routes and via Cuba. The latter is the more dangerous, for there are several lines of steamers constantly plying between Cuba and Spanish ports. We keep two sanitary inspectors in Havana to look out for just such a contingency.

"Their duties are to notify me promptly of the outbreak of an epidemic in Cuba; to inspect passengers on ships bound for ports in the United States; to see that no infected baggage or cargo is shipped for American ports, and, when necessary, to fumigate ships that have American destinations.

"Should the cholera appear at Havana, and get any foot-hold, they would notify me at once by cable to that effect, and extraordinary precautions would be immediately adopted to prevent the entrance of the scourge from that source.

"I have no fear that it will win a foothold in France, even should it do so in Spain. The French sanitary system is excellent and the frontier between the two countries would be closely watched, trains would be inspected, passengers examined and quarantined and baggage and merchandise thoroughly fumigated. We can feel that we are quite safe for the present."

The Cholera.

The Spanish government cholera commission, sent to investigate the cases of the disease in the province of Valencia, arrived at the infected town of Puebla De Rugat on June 20. They are convinced that the cholera prevalent there is of the Asiatic type, but it is localized and is decreasing.

Dispatches from Malagastate that there have been no more cases of yellow fever there. The commission reports having found 80 cases of cholera, of which 40 were serious. There have been two more deaths. Two cases of the disease were found at Bergamin.

The baggage of all travelers arriving in Madrid from the province of Valencia is disinfected before being delivered to its owners, owing to the prevalence of cholera in several places in the province. One new case of the disease and one additional death therefrom ewre reported at Puebla de Rugat on June 23. There has also been one more death at Caudia.

STOLE THE RETURNS.

The Census Records in Great Demand in the Twin Cities.

On June 19, a party of officers armed with a search warrant went from Minneapolis to St. Paul to recover the census records confiscated the previous night by Deputy Marshal Daggett. They were driven out of Commissioner McCafferty's office at the muzzles of revolvers. The city is in a state of wild indignation over the high handed and irregular proceedings. Neither United States District Attorney Eugene Hay, nor Supervisor Davenport were parties to the proceedings.

Chicago the Second City.

Superintendent of Census of Chicago, Mr. Gilbert, in an interview, states that the returns already in show that the population of Chicago exceeds one million. How much beyond the million point the total will go Mr. Gilbert would not venture to say, except that it would be considerable. The city, he added, had certainly doubled its populatson in a decade, and it was a question between Chicago and Philadelphia for second place on the list of American cities.

He Has No Right to Think Out Loud.

Mr. Rose, the chief of the census bureau of that city, thinks the present population of Baltimore is between 437,000 and 384,000.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

A Wisconsin Board Refuses to Follow the Law.

Notwithstanding the decision of the Wisconsin Supreme court that the Bible is a sectarian book, and can not be used as a text-book in the public schools, and that the simple reading of it by the teacher without commenting, is using it as a text-book, the school board of Edgerton has refused to cause such use to be discontinued in the schools.

As a consequence, Sheriff Babcock, of Rock county, has served a peremptory writ of mandamus on the board, commanding it to cause the teachers in the public schools of district No. 4, of the city of Edgerton, to discontinue the practice. The decision of the Supreme court was given in a case which arose here.

National Millers.

The annual convention of the Millers' National association of Minneapolis was brought to a conclusion on June 20 amid a torrent of resolutions, the principal one being the endorsement of the Butterworth anti-option bill, which passed unanimously. Resolutions condemning the action of such millers' mutual insurance companies as take any outside business were passed. The following officers were elected: President, A. R. James, Buffalo; first vice president, Wm. Sanderson, Milwaukee; second vice president, H. Holliday, Cairo; treasurer, S. H. Seamans, Milwaukee.

A Beer Tub Exploded.

At John F. Belz & Co.'s brewery, Philadelphia, Pa., on June 20, a mash tub containing about 500 barrels of malt, hot water and other beer ingredients exploded and scattered the scalding contents over two employes, Christian Rauscher and Henry Radcliff. The men were removed to the Pennsylvania hospital, but Rauscher died in terrible agony shortly after his admission. Radcliff lies in a critical condition.

They Fear a Race War.

The Houston, Texas Light Guards are under arms, by order of General King, being in readiness to respond to a call from Sheriff Hammond, of Polk county, in which trouble is expected. A negro at Livingston, who cut the throat of a white man named Morris, a few days ago, was lynched by a posse of armed men. In revenge a band of negroes killed two of the men alleged to be implicated. A bloody race war is feared.

The Land Cases.

It is said that present indications are that the decision of Judge Shiras in the Desmoines river land case will stand unquestioned. A member of the settlers' union declared that that organization would give up the fight for title and devote all its efforts to securing indemnity. A bill for this purpose will be introduced in Congress at this session if possible.

Clubs Cannot Sell Liquor.

A jury in the Baltimore Criminal court on June 17 decided that social clubs possess no more rights than private citizens, and found August Bender and Alphonse Mayeth, president and secretary of the Catholic club, guilty of selling liquor on Sunday.

ANOTHER CHICAGO STRIKE.

Illinois Central Freight Men Object to Superintendent Russell.

The strike of freight conductors, switchmen and brakemen on the Illinois Central railroad has become a serious one and threatens to blockade its entire business. The suburban trainmen struck on June 24, after the early trains had come in and there are now about 1,900 men idle and the business of the road is paralyzed.

The bone of contention in the strike is undoubtedly E. G. Russell, superintendent of the northern lines of the Illinois & Wisconsin railroad. He came to Chicago a year ago, and ever since his accession to office, it is said, the men under him have been dissatisfied.

The immediate cause was the resignation of Trainmaster Berry and his assistant, Irwin P. Pushie. A rumor went the rounds of the freight yard on the 23d that it was the intention of Superintendent E. G. Russell to dismiss Berry and Pushie. As the trainmaster and his assistant knew of no reason for their dismissal, they took the bull by the horns and went to the superintendent's office to learn the truth of the rumor.

They also formulated a grievance which has been a sore point for some months with the brakemen and conductors.

Under the old rules a freight train arriving in the depot first was always allowed to depart before the others, but Mr. Russell inaugurated a new rule by which certain men were allowed to run their trains before others, despite the fact that they had arrived at the depot much later.

Trainman Berry's inquiry whether the superintendent would insist on the new rule was answered "Yes," and being questioned further as to their intended dismissal, again received an answer in the affirmative. Barry and Pushie then handed in their resignations.

As the news spread like wild fire through the yards groups of men gathered and decided to stop work until their grievances were settled.

On the 23d the matter was laid before the switchmen, who struck at once, and, at a subsequent meeting, at which the suburban service men were represented, a demand for the removal of Superintendent Russell, and the reinstatement of Barry and Pushie was formulated.

This was presented on the 24th, and as it was not complied with, the suburban men joined the strikers.

In the Quarries.

The strike which commenced in the stone quarries at Joliet, Illinois, last week is not yet settled. The men at the different quarries were all at work on June 23, but in the afternoon the men at Kellties quarries failed to go to work.

At about 2 o'clock they visited other quarries southeast of the city, and the men went out to the number of several hundred. They had gathered together, and were proceeding from one quarry to another when they were met by the sheriff and a number of deputies and ordered to disperse. Failing to do this, four of the strikers were arrested.

GORMAN DON'T LIKE BRICE.

A Spicy Article Arraigning the Latter—A Strong Opinion.

In its Washington correspondence the Baltimore *Sun* of June 20 prints the following, written by F. A. Richardson, chief of the *Sun's* Washington bureau, but inspired, beyond question, by Senator Gorman. The paragraph is of interest because it shows just what Gorman thinks of the rainbow chaser.

"Very little attention has been paid in political circles here to the discussion started in New York over the chairmanship of the National Democratic committee. This for the reason that the present importance of the question, if it has any, fails to be appreciated. So far as Mr. Brice personally is concerned, there seems no room for discussion over the self-evident fact he was probably the most inefficient man who ever undertook to run a campaign.

"After the experience of his methods in 1888 and his disastrous failure to comprehend the character and necessities of the campaign work he set out to manage, there has been a tacit understanding among the Democratic leaders that new management must be brought to the front in 1892. But just now, it is not of the slightest moment whether Mr. Brice holds on to the chairmanship of the committee or resigns. There is no political work for the committee to do or for him to do.

"The National committee will have nothing to do with the congressional elections of this year. Whatever is to be looked after in this respect will be attended to as usual by the congressional committee appointed especially for that purpose. The first thing for the National committee to do will be to meet about eighteen or twenty months from this period to name the time and place for holding the next National convention. Mr. Brice will have one vote on that question the same as all the other forty odd members of the committee. When the National convention meets a new National committee will be chosen, and it may be very reasonably anticipated that Mr. Brice will not be put at the head of it."

AN IMPORTANT CASE.

The Omaha and Wisconsin Central Land Grants.

There has been begun in the United States Circuit court at Madison, Wis., here, the trial of three test cases on the outcome of which hinges the ownership of 22,000 acres of land, chiefly lying in Ashland county, the aggregate value of which exceeds $2,000,000. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme court, came out from Washington to sit with District Judge Bunn during this important litigation.

What are known as the Omaha and the Wisconsin Central land grants intersect in Ashland county. The 22,000 acres involved in this litigation lie within the "place" limits of the Central company, and the "indemnity" limits of the Omaha grant. Some time ago the question arose as to which company owned them, and the secretary of the Interior ruled that they did not belong to the Omaha company because that company's grant had been satisfied without them.

NOT BY THE DRINK'

Original Packages Must Not be Broken by the Seller.

Judge Kavanaugh, of Des Moines, Iowa, has rendered a decision in the original package case of the state vs. Terry Chambers. The judge sustains the lower court in condemning the liquid, the evidence tending to show that Chambers had broken the original package and was selling in quantities to suit purchasers.

The opinion says that the right of a citizen to import intoxicating liquors into the state, and the corollary right of the importer to sell the goods thus brought in, is no longer a controverted question, but holds that the goods must remain in the package in which they were imported.

NEARING THE M